

et après
Christmas pouding...
CHARTREUSE

حكاية من الراحل

"The most exclusive champagne
in the world is called...
TAITTINGER"



The memoirs of
LBJ
Part 3

MY FOUR GREAT BATTLEFIELDS

Poverty, Race, Education and Pollution

Above left: LBJ argues a point with Everett Dirksen, Minority Leader of the Senate, who held the key to the passing of the Civil Rights Act in 1964. "Dirksen could fight politics as well as any man (but) he knew his country's future was at stake. He knew what he had to do as leader."

Above right: LBJ with civil rights leaders Ralph Abernethy and Martin Luther King. Johnson had said "The Negro today ask justice. We do not answer him when we reply to the Negro by asking 'Patience'."

WHEN I RECALL the first full year of my Presidency, I think of people: people entering my office, people leaving my office, people meeting in my office, people waiting in my reception room, a steady stream of people. They included Walter Heller, Chairman of the Council Economic Advisers, who came to see me at 7.40 in the evening. He told me that early in November he had asked the departments and agencies of the Federal Government for ideas that could be used in developing a programme to alleviate poverty. He said that he had discussed the subject with John Kennedy three days before his assassination. President Kennedy had approved his going ahead with plans for a programme but had given no guidance as to the specific content. Now Heller had come to ask me an urgent question: Did I want the Council Economic Advisers to develop a programme to attack poverty?

I swung around in my chair and looked out the window. "I'm interested," I responded. "I'm sympathetic. Go ahead."

Give it the highest priority. Push it ahead full tilt."

We were moving into uncharted territory. Powerful forces of opposition would be stirred. Many people warned me not to get caught in the snare of a programme directed entirely toward helping the poor.

We foresaw clearly the problems and dangers. But the powerful conviction that an attack on poverty was right and necessary blotted out any fears that this programme was a political landmine. Harry Truman used to say that 13 or 14 million Americans had their interests represented in Washington, but that the rest of the people had to depend on the President of the United States. That is how I felt about the 35 million American poor. They had no voice and no champion.

When economist John Kenneth Galbraith wrote of our "affluent society" at the end of the 1950s, he said that "the arithmetic of modern politics makes it tempting to overlook the very poor"—that because the poor were an "inarticulate minority," the "modern liberal politician" did

not align himself with them. I did not suffer the disadvantage of being considered a "modern liberal politician." The closest I came to that description was being called a "Populist," which is the term some liberals reserve for progressives who come from the Southern and Western parts of the nation. So I determined that this Populist politician would be the one who finally gave poor Americans some representation and helped them find their voice and improve their lot.

There was something both amusing and fitting about beginning work on the poverty programme. One evening during those Christmas holidays in 1963 I walked from the main ranch house to a little green frame house we call the "guest house." Inside, seated around a small kitchen table, were Walter Heller, Budget Director Kermit Gordon, Bill Moyers, and Jack Valenti. The table was littered with papers, coffee cups, and one ashtray brimming over with cigarettes and torn strips of paper. Just a few feet from the window several of my white-faced Herefords were grazing placidly and a little noisily.

I joked with Kermit Gordon about the half-hearted attempt he was making to blend in with his South-western surroundings. He was wearing a pair of fashionable slacks—what we Texans would call "city-bought trousers"—and a khaki Western shirt I had lent him. He told me with a smile that he was blending urban and cattle country. It struck me that the poverty programme itself was a blend of the same: of the needs and desperate desires of the poor in the city ghettos and the poor in obscure rural hollows.

The title War on Poverty was decided on during those days at the Ranch. It had disadvantages. The military image carried with it connotations of victories and defeats that could prove misleading. But I wanted to rally the nation, to sound a call to arms which would stir people in the Government, in private industry, and on the campuses to lend their talents to a massive effort to eliminate the evil. So in the end, we came back to the War on Poverty.

On January 8, 1964, in my first State of the Union address to the Congress, I announced: "This Administration today, here and now, declares unconditional war on poverty in America." I warned that "it will not be a short or easy struggle" but that it was a war "we cannot afford to lose." It was a war not only on economic deprivation but on the tragic waste of human resources. The effort was not only morally justified but economically sound.

"One thousand dollars invested in salvaging an unemployed youth today," I pointed out, "can return forty thousand dollars in his lifetime."

The key to the Administration's plans for attacking poverty, Mr Johnson explained, was "com-

munity action": Government money would be distributed to local organisations run by the poor themselves.

Soon other ideas began to take their place beside a community action in the emerging legislative proposal: programmes to give a special educational head start to children from deprived backgrounds; plans to train school dropouts; a blueprint to draw on the volunteer spirit of American youth; new ways to help small businessmen in the slums get started and to help impoverished farmers keep going; programmes to enable students from low-income families to work while they pursued an education.

Only six weeks after the task force had first assembled, the programme was ready to go. On March 16 I sent it to the Congress. It was called the Economic Opportunity Act.

The attacks on the Bill began as soon as the hearings started. In the House, wealthy Peter Frelinghuysen of New Jersey, set the tone for the opposition by contending that there was nothing new in the programme. "This country has been engaged in fighting poverty since it was founded," he said.

Clearly Frelinghuysen had fallen victim in his thinking to the old Republican "trickle down" theory of economics. This theory argues that if there is prosperity within the business community, money will eventually find its way down to the people at the bottom of the economic pyramid. This philosophy works just as it sounds. By the time the money filters down to the bottom it is no more than a trickle, even when the country is prosperous. When the nation experiences a recession, the money stops altogether. The War on Poverty recognised that the inveterate poor need specific attention.

Lady Bird and I made a special trip to the Middle West and through the scarred mountains of Appalachia to focus the nation's attention on the problem of poverty. I saw the poor that day in Appalachia with my own eyes. And I believe that through the eyes of reporters and photographers who travelled with me, all America saw them too: the gaunt, defeated men whom the land had abandoned; their tired, despairing wives; their pale, undernourished children—all holding up home-made signs of welcome as we visited their hills.

I will not forget the man whose home I visited on the banks of Rock Castle Creek on a mountainside in eastern Kentucky. His name was Tom Fletcher. His house was a tar-papered, three-room shack which he shared with his wife and their eight children. I sat on the porch with him while he described the struggle he had to support them all on \$400 a year. He regretted more than anything else that his two oldest children had already dropped out of school, and he was worried that the same fate would overtake the others. So was I. The

tragic inevitability of the endless cycle of poverty was summed up in that man's fear: poverty forcing children out of school and destroying their best chance to escape the poverty of their fathers.

"I want you to keep those kids in school," I said to Mr Fletcher when I left him. But I knew he couldn't do it alone. He had to have help, and I resolved to see that he got it. My determination was reinforced that day to use the powers of the Presidency to the fullest extent I could, to persuade America to help all its Tom Fletchers. They lived in the hollows of Appalachia and the hill country of central Texas, in swamp and desert, in cane brake and forest, and in the crumbling slums of every American city and every state. They were black and they were white, of every religion and background and national origin. And they were 35 million strong.

JULY 20, 1967, was a day of shame and defeat. On that day a simple, uncomplicated Bill came before the House of Representatives which proposed rat extermination efforts.

Every year thousands of people, especially those living in the slums of our cities, are bitten by rats in their homes and tenements. The overwhelming majority of victims are babies lying in their cribs. Rats carry a living cargo of death. Directly and indirectly, more human beings have been killed by rats than have been killed in all the wars since the beginning of time. In their travels from sewers to trash heaps to kitchens, rats carry the germs of fatal epidemic, jaundice, and typhus.

But the greatest damage cannot be measured in objective terms. You cannot measure the demoralising effect that the plague of rats has on human beings—a mother awakened by a cry in the middle of the night to find her child bleeding with rat bites on his nose, lips, or ears.

Something happened in the House that afternoon, something shameful and sad. A handful of Republicans joined together to try to make low comedy of the entire programme. Congressman Joel Zroyhill, a Republican from Virginia, helped set the tone: "Mr Speaker, I think the 'rat' smart thing for us to do is to vote down this rat Bill 'rat now.'"

The floodgates opened. The House had a field day—laughing about high commissioners of rats, hordes of rat bureaucrats, and rat patronage; jesting about the new civil "rats" Bill. At the end of this burlesque the rat Bill was defeated. The old Republican and conservative-Democratic coalition had won again.

When I heard the description of this sorry spectacle, I felt outraged and ashamed. I was ashamed of myself for not having prepared the House of Representatives and the nation to approach this issue more intelligently and with a proper sense of urgency.

The Bill became a personal

challenge. I spoke about rats to every public forum I could find. I argued economics with the conservatives: "If rats cost us about 900 million dollars a year, does it make economic sense to argue against a 40 million dollar programme of control?" I stressed morality with the moderates: "Have you ever awakened in terror to the screams of your child being bitten by rats?"

I talked politics with the Republicans: "I thought you'd like to know about an article in the current issue of The Democrat: its title is something like 'Republicans Laugh as Slum Dwellers Battle Rats'; now you can't afford to have us saying things like that, can you?"

On September 20 the House reconsidered its action. With the heat of public indignation upon them, the Republicans had stopped laughing. By a 44-vote margin the House voted a rat control amendment.

When I left office, government reports showed that of the 35 million Americans who had been trapped in poverty in 1964, 12.5 million had been lifted out—a

reduction of almost 36 per cent in just over four years.

Of course, we had not lifted everyone out of poverty. There would be setbacks and frustrations and disappointments ahead. But no one would ever again be able to ignore the poverty in our midst.

WHEN I WAS IN THE SENATE, we had an extra car to take back to Texas at the close of each congressional session. Usually my Negro employees—Zephyr Wright, our cook; Helen Williams, our maid; and Helen's husband, Gene—drove the car to the Ranch for us. At that time, nearly 20 years ago, it was an ordeal to get an automobile from Washington to Texas—three full days of hard driving.

On one of those trips I asked Gene if he would take my beagle dog with them in the car. I didn't think they would mind. Little Beagle was a friendly, gentle dog.

But Gene hesitated. "Senator, do we have to take Beagle?"

"Well," I explained, "there's no other way to get him to Texas."

continued on next page

Tick your choice
of future
security from
only £3.25 a month

Making the future secure is easier than you think. A Canada Life maximum protection plan will safeguard your family for a low monthly outlay. Example: if you are aged 40 or under, £9,000 immediate protection would cost less than £3.25 a month.

A Canada Life policy is also ideal for guaranteed growth of your savings by regular, easily managed premiums. Whatever your present age and interest—savings, family protection, house purchase, retirement—Canada Life programmed life assurance will give you complete security. Send the coupon today for a free booklet.

£9,000 ☐
£12,000 ☐
£18,000 ☐

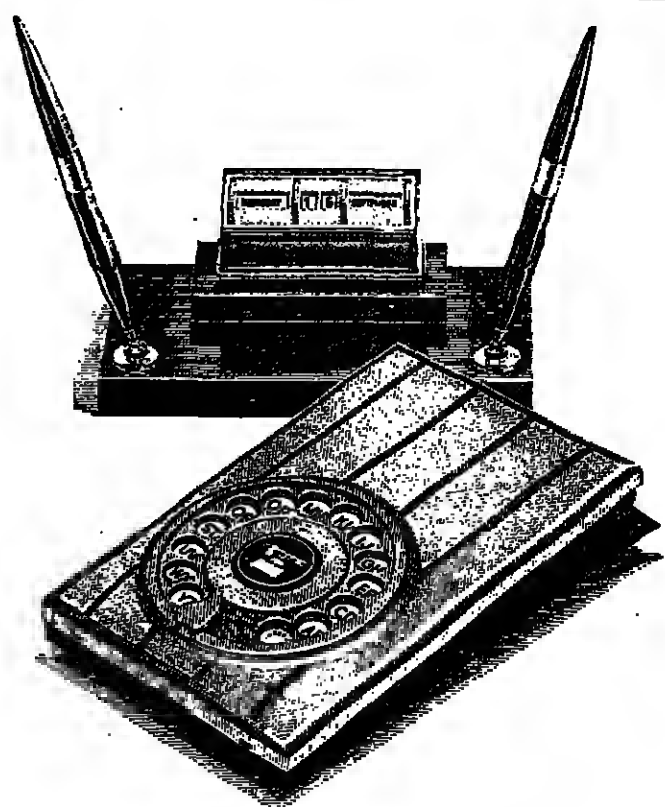
Tick your choice

To: The Canada Life Assurance Company,
6 Charles II Street, London, S.W.1.

I am interested in future security as indicated.

Mr/Mrs/Miss _____
Address _____
Date of birth _____

Canada Life
ASSURANCE COMPANY



Remember your forgetful friends.

Bring a little organization into their lives with a gift by Stratton.

A desk set to remind them of dates—and provide a pen to write out the card.

And a Dialpad, so there won't be any excuses about misplaced phone numbers. (Write yours in before you give it).

Little reminders from Stratton. At stationers and department stores everywhere.

Stratton

Designed & manufactured by Laughton & Sons Ltd., Birmingham.

MY FOUR GREAT BATTLEFIELDS

continued from preceding page

He shouldn't give you any trouble, Gene. You know Beagle loves you."

But Gene still hesitated. I didn't understand. I looked directly at him. "Tell me—what's the matter? Why don't you want to take Beagle? What aren't you telling me?"

Gene began slowly. Here is the gist of what he had to say: "Well, Senator, it's tough enough to get all the way from Washington to Texas. We drive for hours and hours. We get hungry. But there's no place on the road we can stop and go in and eat. It gets pretty hot. We want to wash up. But the only bathroom we're allowed in is usually miles off the main highway. We keep going 'til night comes—'til we get so tired we can't stay awake any more. We're ready to pull in. But it takes us another hour or so to find a place to sleep. You see, what I'm saying is that a coloured man's got enough trouble getting across the South on his own, without having a dog along."

Of course, I knew that such discrimination existed throughout the South. We all knew it. But somehow we had deluded ourselves into believing that the black people around us were happy and satisfied; into thinking that the bad and ugly things were going on somewhere else, happening to other people.

I never sat on my parents' or grandparents' knees listening to nostalgic tales of the antebellum South. In Stonewall and Johnson City I never was a part of the Old Confederacy. But I was part of Texas. My roots were in its soil. And Texas is a part of the South—in the sense that Texas shares a common heritage and outlook that differs from the North-east or Middle West or Far West.

That Southern heritage gave

me a feeling of belonging and a sense of continuity. But it also created certain parochial feelings that flared up defensively whenever Northerners described the South as "a stain on our country's democracy."

These were emotions I took with me to the Congress when I voted against six civil rights bills. At that time I simply did not believe that the legislation, as written, was the right way to handle the problem. Much of it seemed designed more to humiliate the South than to help the black man.

Beyond this, I did not think there was much I could do as a lone Congressman from Texas. One heroic stand and I'd be back home, defeated, unable to do any good for anyone, much less the blacks and the underprivileged. Before I became Majority Leader, I did not have the power.

I was part of America growing up—an America that accepted distinctions between blacks and whites as part and parcel of life, whether those distinctions were the clear-cut, blatant ones of the South or the more subtle, invidious ones practised in the North. This was an America misled by a mask of submissiveness and good nature that hid the deep despair inside the hearts of millions of black Americans.

So there was nothing I could say to Gene. His problem was also mine: as a Texan, a Southerner, and an American. All these attitudes began to change in the mid-1950s and early 1960s.

I felt the need for change as Majority Leader when I led the Senate fight for the Civil Rights Act of 1957. We obtained only half a loaf in that fight, but it was an essential half-loaf, the first civil rights legislation in 82 years.

I felt the need for change as

entire economic system, North and South.

I felt the need for change in the spring of 1963 when events in Birmingham, Alabama, showed the world the glaring contrast between the restraint of the black demonstrators and the brutality of the white policemen. I reflected these feelings at Gettysburg on May 30, 1963, when I spoke at Memorial Day services commemorating the one hundredth anniversary of the Battle of Gettysburg.

One hundred years ago, the slave was freed. One hundred years later, the Negro remains in bondage to the colour of his skin. The Negro today asks justice. We do not answer those who lie beneath this soil—when we reply to the Negro by asking, "Patience."

But nothing makes a man come to grips more directly with his conscience than the Presidency. In that house of decision, the White House, a man becomes his commitments. He understands who he really is.

He learns what he genuinely wants to be. So it was for me. When I sat in the Oval Office after President Kennedy died and reflected on civil rights, there was no question in my mind as to what I would do. I knew that, as President and as a man, I would use every ounce of strength I possessed to gain justice for the black American. My strength as President was then tenuous—I had not been elected to that office. But I recognised that the moral force of the Presidency is often stronger than the political force. I knew that a President can appeal to the heart in our people or the worst.

Even the strongest supporters of President Kennedy's civil rights Bill in 1963 expected parts of it to be watered down in order to avert a Senate filibuster.

I made my position unmistakably clear. We were not prepared to compromise in any way. "So far as this Admini-

stration is concerned," I told a Press conference, "its position is firm." I wanted absolutely no room for bargaining.

Another important consideration was that my old friend, the Southern legislative leader, Senator Richard Russell of Georgia, should understand my unyielding position, even though it would force him and the other opponents of the Bill to go for all or nothing.

One could not persuade Senator Russell by sweet talk, hard talk, or any kind of talk. He respected action, not words.

As a friend who knew me well, he recognized that I would not accept a watered-down, ineffective bill. On January 24 1964, Senator Russell publicly acknowledged that fact:

"I have no doubt that [the President] intends to throw the full weight of his powerful office and the full force of his personality—both of which are considerable—... to secure passage of this programme.... Although I differ—and differ vigorously—with President Johnson on this so-called civil rights question... I expect to support the President just as strongly when I think he is right as I intend to oppose him when I think he is wrong."

These few words shaped the entire struggle. It would be a fight to total victory or total defeat without appeasement or attrition. The battle would be fought with dignity and perhaps with sorrow, but not with anger or bitterness. We would win, by securing closure, which sets a time limit on debate, thus precluding a filibuster; or we would lose.

One man held the key to obtaining only half a loaf in that the Leader of the Senate, Everett Dirksen, Dirksen could play politics as well as any man. But I knew something else about him. I had a great deal of my strategy on an understanding of Dirksen's deep-rooted patriotism.

I gave to this fight everything I had in prestige, power, and commitment. At the same time, I deliberately tried to tone down my personal involvement in the daily struggle so that my colleagues on the Hill could take tactical responsibility—and credit so that a hero's niche could be carved out for Senator Dirksen, not me.

As the debate continued, a new and disturbing element of public opinion came into play. Governor George Wallace of Alabama had declared himself a candidate for President and had entered the Democratic primaries in Indiana, Maryland, and Wisconsin with an emotional campaign of opposition to civil rights and a thinly veiled racial call for law and order. Most analysts predicted that he would receive 10 per cent of the vote; his actual totals more than tripled that prediction.

In this critical hour Senator Dirksen came through, as I had hoped he would. He knew his country's future was at stake. He knew what he could do to help. He knew what he had to do as a leader. On June 10 he took the floor of the Senate to say:

"The time has come for equality of opportunity in sharing in government, in education, and in employment.... America grows. America changes."

With this speech, Dirksen sounded the death knell for the Southern strategy of filibuster. For the first time in history the Senate voted closure on a civil rights Bill. The battle was over. The Bill was assured of passage.

Three weeks later the Congress passed the Civil Rights Act of 1964, the most sweeping civil rights measure enacted in the twentieth century.

I signed the Bill in the East Room of the White House. My thoughts went back to the afternoon a decade before when there was absolutely nothing I could say to Gene Williams, or to any black man, or to myself. That had been the day I first realised the sad truth: that to the extent Negroes were imprisoned, so was I. On July 2, 1964, I knew the positive side of that same truth: that to the extent Negroes were free, really free, so was I. And so was my country.

THERE WAS AN OLD SAYING, "The kids is where the money ain't," which summed up one of the major problems confronting the American educational system when I became President. By the 1960s the public schools were in a state of crisis, beset by problems that had been multiplying since World War II. Classrooms were overcrowded. Teaching staffs



Lady Bird "touched a fundamental chord in the American people with her quiet crusade to beautify our country."

plied. "Just give the President my very warm regards."

On Sunday, April 11, I signed the Elementary and Secondary Education Act into law.

I signed it in the one-room schoolhouse near Stonewall, Texas, where my own education had begun. I asked my first teacher, Mrs. Kathryn Deadrich Loney—"Miss Kate"—to come back from California to sit by my side as I signed the bill. Present too were other students of hers, and mine. For me, a pattern had come full circle in the course of 50 years. My education had begun with what I learned in that schoolroom. Now what I had learned and experienced since that time had brought me back to fulfil a dream.

"As President of the United States," I said on that occasion, "I believe deeply that no law I have signed or will ever sign means more to the future of America." But perhaps the Bill's impact was summed up best in the words of a boy from a poor family in Iowa. "Happiness," he said, "is two teachers so you can be helped when you need it."

IF THERE HAD BEEN no education crisis when I became President, if justice had already been extended to our black citizens, if poverty in our national life had been only a memory, I would have been content to be simply a conservation President. My deepest attitudes and beliefs were shaped by a closeness to the land, and it was only natural for me to think of preserving it. I wanted to continue the good work begun by Theodore Roosevelt, who broke through the barrier characterised by Speaker Joe Cannon's immortal words: "Not one cent for scenery." I wanted, as I once expressed it, to leave to future generations "a glimpse of the world as God really made it, not as it looked when we got through with it."

In the 1960s I had to be concerned not only with the preservation of land but also with the people who lived in the crowded cities.

What could the beauty of our continent mean to them if that beauty was too far away to be enjoyed? I wanted a new kind of conservation that would bring national parks within reach of more people.

A memorandum I received toward the end of my Administration from Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall stated: "These have been good years for the cause of conservation."

I believe that assessment will stand the test of time. So too will the work done by a concerned and compassionate woman. I believe that Lady Bird Johnson touched a fundamental chord in the American people with her quiet crusade to beautify our country.

By the 1960s conservation embraced more than the preservation of land. I have flown through the layers of filthy air above Los Angeles. I have seen the oily slime of the Hudson and the Potomac rivers. And I found such experiences repugnant, as perhaps only a man who grew up knowing nature at its cleanest could.

Today almost everyone is conscious of the threat of pollution. A few years ago the prevailing idea was that pollu-

tion, however deplorable, had to be lived with.

One of the important conservation measures I recommended to the Congress was the Water Quality Act, which required all states to set anti-pollution standards. Congress passed that Act in 1965, and when I affixed my signature to it, I said: "Today we begin to be masters of our environment." The Congress passed five other major anti-pollution measures, aimed at cleaning not only the water but the air.

If we are serious about making our country habitable, we must begin to devote a proportionate amount of our resources and our ingenuity to reversing the tide of pollution we have created. We need a science of "preventive engineering," similar to preventive medicine. We must be prepared to shoulder the enormous costs this will entail.

There is another challenge we face. We must recognise that in ways both subtle and serious we have disturbed the delicate balance in nature.

The first time Lady Bird and I took a vacation together after we left the White House, we went to Mexico. Lady Bird got into a conversation with a young scientist who had been assigned the job of eradicating mosquitoes and flies in a Mexican village. He and his fellow workers sprayed the community liberally with a powerful insecticide. They got rid of the insects, but in the process they also eliminated all the cats. Now the village is overrun with rodents.

That experience reminded me of a story about an atomic scientist who was walking through the woods one day with a friend when he saw a small turtle. He thought that his children would be delighted to have a new pet, so he picked it up and started home with it. Suddenly he stopped, looked at the turtle, and retraced his steps. He put the turtle back on the ground. His friend asked him why. He answered: "It just struck me that perhaps, for one man, I have tampered enough with the universe."

We cannot hope to put all the turtles back where we found them. We are committed to a technological society that has created imbalances. But the lessons of the past should convince us that the turtles of the future should be picked up only with the greatest of care.

Extracted from *The Vintage Point* by Lyndon B. Johnson, to be published by Weidenfeld & Nicolson on January 20, 1972, at £5.50.



NEXT WEEK
A call from
Moscow—on the
'Hot Line'

6 good reasons why you should consider double glazing and 55,077 good reasons why you should choose Everest

The 6 good reasons? Double glazing can make a world of difference to your comfort. It can cut your fuel bills dramatically.

The 55,077 good reasons for Everest? They are the homes in which Everest double glazing has been fitted already. Many of their owners have been so impressed they have written to thank us. (Their letters are available for you to see, if you wish to).

- * Precision-fitted by experts, Everest windows ensure supreme comfort—winter and summer—with highest efficiency in cutting fuel costs, eliminating draughts, reducing noise and condensation.
- * Everest windows open smoothly at a touch... shut tight with a unique-to-Everest self-locking catch, proved effective in preventing burglaries.
- * All Everest installations are backed with a full 5-year Guarantee by Homa Insulation Ltd., part of the world-wide Rio Tinto-Zinc Corporation and also members of the Independent Insulation Glazing Association.

Find out more

Everest double glazing is an investment in comfort that can add substantially to the value of your property. So don't decide either for or against double glazing for your home without finding out more about Everest. Post the coupon today to Home Insulation Ltd., Waltham Cross, Herts.

For full details—post this coupon today



To: Home Insulation Ltd., Waltham Cross, Herts.
Please tell me more about Everest made-to-measure double glazing.

NAME _____

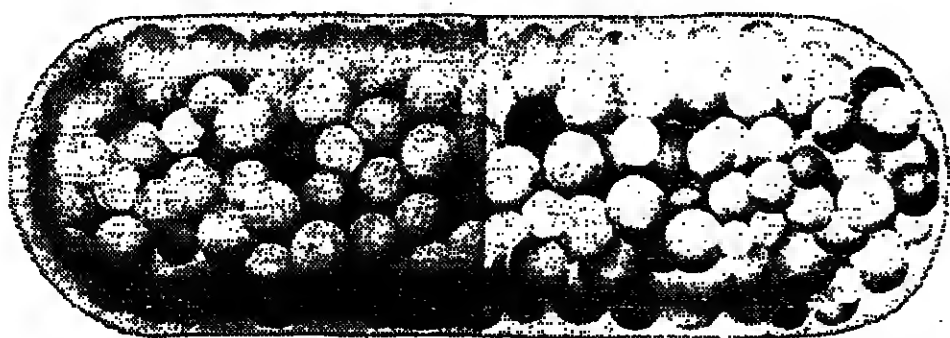
ADDRESS _____

Everest

the best name in double glazing



The 12 hour Block-buster



One CONTAC 400 capsule clears blocked-up breathing for up to 12 hours at a stretch

A blocked-up nose is a blocked-up nose. Who cares what causes it—a virus or an allergy? It makes you feel terrible. And you don't exactly feel very bright either.

You need to breathe easily. So you can think clearly, and act intelligently. Night through your day.

'Contac' gives you the break-through you need. It's the block-buster that frees your breathing for up to twelve hours at a stretch. And stops you sneezing all over the place too.

Each 'Contac' capsule contains 400 tiny time pills to release a steady flow of decongestant into your system.

So on in the morning will see you through your work. And one at night will give you a good clear night's sleep without congested breathing! 'Contac 400' gives you more free

breathing time than any other major single dose decongestant. Clear nose, clear head, clear brain. You feel better. And you may even look better.

If blocked-up nose is spoiling your day (or your night), ask your chemist for 'Contac 400'. And if you're over 18, you can get yourself a two-capsule sample by simply sending a postcard to the Health Consultant, Dept. STAC Menley & James Laboratories, Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

All we ask is that you're very careful not to let the sample fall into the hands of children. And we reserve the right to terminate the offer without notice.

* 'Contac 400' is a trade mark.

Sore throat too?

That's take 'Contac 4' throat lozenges. They soothe a sore throat and kill the germs that cause it.

wings

good people to travel with

If you like our company on holiday this year

wings

good people to travel with

You'll come away with us next year

Come on holiday with us in 1972 and you'll be coming again year after year. Most of Wings clients do. And introduce their friends. It's because we make every Wings holiday live up to our quality reputation.

We take care in selecting the right hotels in one of the widest holiday selections you'll find anywhere.

And now in 1972, Wings give you reliability in villa and apartment holidays too. So ask your agent or send for brochures. It may be your first Wings holiday. But it won't be your last.

wings

good people to travel with

Brochures please

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

WINGS LIMITED, 124 FINCHLEY ROAD, LONDON NW2 6JA 01-435 7181

A NATION'S WILL TO WAR

LAURENS VAN DER POST, discussing a controversial study of Japan's Emperor, points to the need for a fresh look at the dark roots of history

fumbles for a piece of paper in his pocket and reads out a poem by his grandfather, the great Emperor Meiji. All the seas everywhere Are brothers one to another. Why do the winds and waves of strife Rage so violently through the world?

For Mr Bergamini, the Emperor had merely spoken "in a dubious fashion on the side of the angels." For him this was all mere "belly talk"—a Japanese expression for deliberate deceit designed in this case to trick the Japanese into war. He does not add that the Japanese supreme command interpreted this gesture differently. They all took Hirohito's gesture as one of extreme candour. Nor does he say that after they had sat over-awed through a long period of silence, the Emperor spoke again to add, "I make it a rule to read this poem from time to time to remind me of my grandfather's love of peace."

More serious still is Mr Bergamini's tendency to isolate Japan from the main stream of the history of the contemporary world. The Germans may well make too much of their concept of a *Zeitgeist*, but it does exist and has a profound relationship with the under-ground level of history. Mr Bergamini certainly could have done with a liberal helping of it; and would have made more of the Russo-Japanese war.

Up to that moment, the great European empires, who had imposed themselves so brutally upon the peoples of



Hirohito as Regent in 1926

Asia, had appeared almost like omnipotent gods. But after the shattering and unpredictable defeat of Russia, the European spell was broken for good and everywhere in the basements of Asian imagination, the forces were massing to deliver the East from the Europeans' paralytic grasp.

The Japanese impulse from then on to assert themselves as the Europeans had asserted themselves grew great and terrible through some telepathy of communication with the unuttered longing of millions of fellow Asians to see them succeed. There was no rational reaction. Of course there were men of reason who tried desperately to use the forces of unreason let loose by the conflict and interconflict of the powers and

cultures of West and East. But in the end the forces of unreason had their irrational way even with the most powerful and rational of their leaders.

What happened to Japan was closely akin to what was happening in Mussolini's Italy and above all Hitler's Germany. I first knew Japan before Mr Bergamini did. I was there in 1926 for a brief moment just before the regent Hirohito became Emperor. Even then I was startled by the extent to which the Japanese already were possessed by an extra-territorial spirit, strange extra-territorial emotions, even more than extra-territorial ideas, as well as by striking trance-like elements in their behaviour. I met on their faces for the first time then the look, and observed in their minds and bodies the strange, puppetlike movements that were to terrify me later in the German masses at that Twilight-of-the-Gods Nuremberg rally.

More even than the German people the Japanese went the way fate pointed, like men walking in their sleep. Hirohito was no ruler. The Emperors have never ruled Japan. There have always been others to do this dusty work for them. They have always pre-eminently been the continuity of Japan and were only brought out into the light of the common day when some cataclysm of history faced the Japanese with the challenge of renewing themselves.

My own feeling is that in a nation of sleep-walkers the Emperor suffered from bouts of insomnia. He had an awareness of the disaster into which his nation was plunging, knew he was powerless to avert it, but by some intuition of the real meaning of history, more compelling than Mr Bergamini's

beld himself apart for the moment when, all Japan's mythological passion spent, he could offer himself as a rallying point for a reintegration of his shattered nation.

Living on their thin-skinned earth, perpetually ravaged by earthquake, fire, typhoon and tidal wave, the Japanese have found in disaster a source of renewal as no other people in the world. When the Japanese military general Araki told George Bernard Shaw: "An earthquake for us is both a catastrophe and a form of religious enlightenment for the national spirit," he was uttering in just a great Japanese truth.

Whatever the economic factors, and they were considerable, I believe that in the heart of its ancient darkness Japan went the terrible way it went because only disaster on a cosmic scale could cut the cord which tied it to the negative aspects of history, and free it for renewal in an idiom appropriate to this barbaric, modern world.

That is why all my Japanese friends, young and old, tend to speak of the last war not as of a war so much as "our revolution." Ultimately war and revolution are two sides of the same, terrible, counterfactual coin. Both are amply discredited patterns of an attempt to escape from what is one-sided and inadequate in a given state of spirit and society. If the modern world is ever to see war and revolution for the bankrupt phenomena they are, the whole of its history must be re-appraised and revalued.

It is not because Mr Bergamini's approach lacks sincerity and good intentions that I find it so disappointing, but because, more than a generation after Hiroshima, he contributes nothing to the wholeness of our vision of a chain of events which we have all, not least of all his own great country, darkened with the shadow of our own unknowing and lack of understanding of man and the meaning of history.

AFTER READING the 1,081 picturesque pages of David Bergamini's *Japan's Imperial Conspiracy* (Heinemann £4.50) with unfailing interest, I yet put it down dismayed. It is, after all, seventy-three years since Lord Acton called for a vision of history that would not be "a mere rope of sand" and "a burden on memory," but "continuous" and an "illumination of the soul." He did so out of a profound intuition that historians had failed all our desperate yesterdays by not realising that history progresses on two levels.

There is a manifest level, on which its processes can be observed, documented and apparently accounted for in conscious and rational terms. On that level it appears as a pattern evolved by unusual men inflicting their concepts on more or less passive masses of people.

But there is another, more profound level, a sort of underworld of the human condition where, silent and unobserved, vast, neglected and understood forces of the human spirit accumulate rather as lava accumulates at the roots of a great volcano and one day suddenly erupts to overwhelm the apparently well-ordered and conscious scene.

It is perhaps just possible that once upon a time the manifest level may have been all-important. But for centuries now there have been too many cataclysmic invasions of the conscious human spirit from this underworld of history for us to go on ignoring the fact that it is this other level now which demands all our powers of penetration and interpretation.

One has only to think of the French Revolution which subjected vast areas of Europe to shattering forces of unreason for generations, to realise how futile the norms of the manifest are for interpreting so cataclysmic an event. Since then, the eruptions have increased in number and power as they have widened in scale. The First World War, revolution in Russia,

revolution in China, the Germany of Hitler, the Italy of Mussolini, the Japan of Hirohito, the Second World War and a whole world scene in one way or another today in a state of spiritual and social eruption, all show how the sinister process continues and accelerates.

Therefore, to go on recording the contemporary scene purely in terms of its surface manifestations is like describing the convulsions, noting the phases of delirium and hallucination of a sick person with a total disregard of the causes of his affliction and the fact that an epidemic of the same sickness has laid almost all his neighbours low. But this precisely is the tendency of Mr Bergamini's work.

Although he says that he has had "the awe and pleasure" of knowing the Japanese all his life, he sees them as rational men engaged in conscious conspiracy, first to lead Japan to war and then, in defeat, to obscure the fact that all along their Emperor had been the mastermind of the conspiracy.

He is committed to a description of Japanese history which is incomplete, biased and determined to press a charge. It is all the sadder because his work is based on years of dedicated, original and wide-ranging research. Moreover his book has an immensely valuable fall-out of new information and special insights implicit in the fact that Mr Bergamini, born in Japan, loves the country.

Yet even his self-restricted brief in terms of the manifest level of history is utterly unconvincing. The methods used to indict Hirohito are at times more enthusiastic than fair. Take for instance his account of the Emperor's fateful meeting with the supreme command when war is made inevitable. It is a moving, quintessentially tragic Japanese moment, as the Emperor



Allen Jones in his new studio at Chelsea: the exhibition of his watercolours and graphics, which opened last week at Marlborough Graphics, will be reviewed by John Russell next week

FRANK STELLA's show at the Hayward Gallery last year was not exactly the talk of the town, in terms of attendance; our silent majority returned a wordless "No" to Stella's manipulation of what Robert Rauschenberg had just described in the Penguin New Art series as "commercial paint surfaces of shrill pinks, sour reds, electric greens, cool olives and nky indigos."

Blandishments of this sort play no part in Stella's new work, which is now on view at Kesteven. It consists of wooden constructions, summarily carpentered, which hang on the wall like unfinished jigsaw puzzles. Nearest in formal terms to Stella's paintings of 1966, they mark an abrupt disengagement from the seductions of the late 1960s; the colour is glum, the workmanship is no great shakes, the outer surfaces are covered for the most part with what looks like cut-rate clothing material. For all that, these dour and not immediately prepossessing works represent an attempt to conquer in new terms. The patterns of "deadlock and release," which Rauschenberg noted in the series of 1966, find here a new arena, and Stella the man gains in dignity thereby.

It is not easy to be an English artist in what is now called "the middle generation." Terry Frost's art has always been a bluff whole-bearded, uncomplicated affair,

Explorers unbound

ART □ JOHN RUSSELL

with no overtones of mystery or reserve and a strong family likeness carried over from year to year. But Frost's new work at the Waddington shows him exploring, in the tall thin panels on the right-hand wall, his talents are most takingly renewed.

A mixed exhibition should ideally be a pudding all plums. We can't quite hope for that in modern times, but I doubt if any other city can show at this moment such a miscellany as good as those on view at Agnew's, the Lefevre, Tooth's, the Heim and the Hazlitt. Agnew's and the Lefevre in particular have mustered collections of fresh possibilities, in the tall thin panels on the right-hand wall, his talents are most takingly renewed.

Lists are tedious, in this context, and microscopic evocations

merely tantalising; but I cannot resist recommending, in the one case, the two Venetian views, by the 17-year-old Guardi and in the other the figure seated in a landscape and painted by Renoir in 1885; Renoir at that time was concerned to renew "the notion of Impressionism, and the chromatic inventions in the landscape-part of this little painting are as dazzling and as arbitrary as anything which Gauguin was later to devise.

The Heim Gallery's "Faces and Figures of the Baroque" stretches its frontiers to include a Christ-figure by Giovanni Bologna at one end, and some neo-classical adaptations of heads by Francois Duquesnoy at the other. In between, some very distinguished pieces of chamber sculpture dispute for our attention with museum-scale paintings, some of them of a resolved but cheerless character (Pietro Montoni's "Artemisia Drinking the Ashes of her Husband," for instance). For encouragement on a dark November afternoon,

It is possible to prefer Solimena's symphonic and voluptuous "Zeuxis and the Maidens of Croton" at the Hazlitt.

Tooth's have, finally, a still-life of 1939, by Braque, which brings to a full close the great French tradition of the laden table-top, and one of the most stylish of the paintings done by Boudin in Antwerp in 1871. Boudin didn't care for life in Antwerp—it was expensive, he didn't like the beer, and he had awful headaches—but he said, "one has to go on pulling one's cart like a poor old horse." The effort doesn't show in the little picture at Tooth's which has a tender eloquence which Boudin's mentor Corot would have approved.

Cert. Richards, who died last Tuesday, had an ardent, outgoing nature which made him as much loved, as a man, as he was admired as an artist. Like his fellow-member of the Class of 1903, John Piper, he made a witty and distinctive contribution to the modern movement before 1939; and when Richard Buckle organised the gala performance for the "Save the Titan" fund, four months ago, Richards and Piper were quick to act, once again, while others hummed and hawed. Such large, committed, un-rancorous human beings can ill be spared.

NEWS IN THE ARTS

The Sadler's Wells name game

KENNETH PEARSON

passion. "Now," says Christopher Plummer, "I begin to recognise it in him."

Gollancz's Ivy

GOLLANCZ'S publish a limited edition of the novel of Ivy Compton-Burnett next May. All nineteen of them, excluding Dolores (1911), which was partly written by her brother. But that launching date heralds a stream of books in the Compton-Burnett area. There are in the Gollancz pipeline: an Elizabeth Spelge biography, a critical study from Hilary Spurling, and Charles Buckhart is editing a collection of essays which includes work by Robert Liddell, Anthony Powell, Angus Wilson, John Betjeman, Raymond Mortimer, Elizabeth Bowen and Edward Sackville-West.

Art gallery revolt

FOR THE last six months hardly a week has gone by without invitations to view new art galleries. "We have this old warehouse in the docks..." As a protest against the Old Men of Bond Street... My view of modern art is hard to describe so...

They do add up to something. A lot of young people in communication with a lot of young artists (and some neglected older ones) and a desperate urge to show the public what it's all about. It is all, in fact, very anti-Bond Street. Two I caught up with last week were worth the detour. Nigel Greenwood, already the owner of a modern gallery in Sloane Gardens, has a place called Space in the most expensive part of town (Old Burlington Street), except that the property tycoon who owns the building let him have it for a peppercorn rent ("bless you, sir"). And Lucy Milton, Belfast-born rebel from the theatre, has opened a gallery in Notting Hill Gate which will exchange its shows with galleries



One of Peter Whitehead's designs for the Sadler's Wells production of Monteverdi's *The Coronation of Poppea*. It opens on November 24. The Queen Mother will attend a gala performance on December 1 in aid of the Wells benevolent fund for retired employees.

in The Hague, Bochum, Milan, Amsterdam and Cologne. Miss Milton may know what a tough life it is. When she opened a modern gallery in Beaconsfield, someone actually spat at her.

Musical express

THE TRAIN heading north for the Edinburgh Festival next August 21 will be noisy. Noisier than usual. There will be a band in every coach, ten open coaches, and the tickets will cost less than one normally pays.

Irish invasion

THE IRISH Georgian Society is to open a London branch. They're the stout-hearted boys who have saved a great deal of Georgian Dublin from the property wreckers, and, unhappily, lost a bit of it as well. The IGS, with its headquarters in the restored Palladian mansion of Castleknock, Desmond Guinness since it was launched in 1958. (Incidentally Guinness' book *Irish Houses and Castles*, will be published by Thames and Hudson for the society in a fortnight's time.) There are about 3,000 members with active branches in Boston, Washington and New York. Now Guinness hopes that by opening a chapter in London England's 300 members will be joined by others.

Evans the Song

SIR GERAINT EVANS is soon to hold his first ever public opera master class in London. He's done it in Wales before. "I was at home then," he says. "But this frightens me to death." Evans will be taking the classes at Sadler's Wells Theatre (make sure you get the name right) on December 15 and 16 during the London Opera Centre season. "I hope it doesn't look precocious," says Evans modestly, "but I'm going to make it an enjoyable evening." Just at this moment the opera star is rehearsing six hours a day for the new Figaro, opening at Covent Garden on December 1. From this experience Sir Geraint will draw his material for the open classes. He's never liked masters who have used such occasions to make their students look silly. So this will be a relaxed, genial affair, with some surprises from the audience. There'll be a few stars down there to answer the call to the stage.

Offering an extravagant cigarette in times like these can hardly be considered shrewd.

We are well aware people are moving to ever-smaller, cheaper cigarettes.

If it was our aim to make our name a household word, we would obviously be well advised to try and cash in on this trend. But the fact is, we can't bring ourselves to do so.

Ever since 1879, it has been Sobranie's policy to make the best cigarettes possible, regardless of price. Recently we introduced what we believe to be the finest Virginia filter cigarette available.

Sobranie Virginia filter cigarettes are unusually large. They are firmly packed with the highest quality mild Virginia tobacco.

Rather than please a lot of people a little, we'd prefer to please a few people a lot.



Sobranie Virginia in the silver pack, 31p for 20.

PACKETS CARRY A GOVERNMENT HEALTH WARNING

We'll give you the score

A complete conductor's score (value 90p) containing 102 pages is enclosed free with every copy of this magnificent recording - Barenboim conducting Tchaikovsky's 4th!

It's our way of helping you enjoy to the full the most exciting musical collaboration of the century. Daniel Barenboim, the finest young musician of our age. The New York Philharmonic, the world's greatest virtuoso orchestra. Symphony No. 4 in F minor - the most dramatic masterpiece of Tchaikovsky and the accepted magnificence of a CBS recording.

This wonderful musical package makes a very special gift for only £24.9. It's one in a range of beautiful sets being offered this Christmas by CBS.

Others include Leonard Bernstein's Complete Mahler Symphonies in 3 Volumes and the John Williams 7 Guitar concertos 3 record set.

Call into your CBS record store to listen to this superb music. Or send for the descriptive CBS brochure of boxed sets. It could solve a lot of gift problems this year. And at these prices you can probably give yourself a set!

the music people
28/30 Theobalds Road, London, W.C.1.



has probed deep into contemporary records to provide a fully authentic background. 528 pp. Demy 8vo. £2.50

CASSELL

50, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

And no birds swing

SEX AND MARRIAGE IN ENGLAND TODAY by Geoffrey Gorer
Nelson £2.95

ANTHONY STORR

THIS statistical survey of attitudes towards marriage and various aspects of sexuality deserves careful study by anyone interested in the current social scene in Britain: not least by those who talk glibly of the "permissive society" and the promiscuity of youth.

Mr Gorer's piece of research is notable for several unusual features. First, it was undertaken largely as a comparison. In 1950, Mr Gorer collected and later published, in "Exploring English Character" (Cresset Press), the views of a large number of volunteers upon marriage, love, sex, and allied topics. The present survey would, it was hoped, tend to show whether attitudes had really altered, and if so, in what respects. Second, whereas most surveys are at least partially invalidated by being weighted heavily by a preponderance of highly educated volunteers, this one insists upon a stratified random sample taken from electoral registers in one hundred parliamentary constituencies ranging right through every social class.

The sample was confined to those under 45, and nine hundred and thirty-nine men and one thousand and thirty-seven women were interviewed. In addition to those on electoral registers, 150 persons too young in 1969 to be thus listed were also interviewed. The questions were asked by experienced interviewers from Opinion Research Centre, and the results studied and written up by Mr Gorer.

This will obviously become an important source book for all students of British society. There are so many interesting findings that a reviewer cannot possibly discuss all of them. All one can do is to draw attention to some of the more striking and perhaps surprising discoveries. The middle-class, liberal, intellectual Londoner is far from being a typical Englishman, and he may well be astonished to learn that 88 per cent of women, and 46 per cent of men marry the person with whom they first have sexual intercourse.

Moreover, even among the very young, the notion that premarital sexual experience is likely to be beneficial is far from universally held, although there has certainly been some shift of opinion in that direction. There is some evidence to support the idea that heterosexual interest starts earlier than heretofore, in line with the supposed earlier onset of puberty. Twenty-one per cent of men, and 18 per cent of women think most people don't "really fall in love".

but 40 per cent of men and 34 per cent of women thought a woman could be "in love" with two men at once; and 40 per cent of all the respondents thought a man could be in love with two women simultaneously. Being "in love," or rather what people consider this condition to be, is clearly something to be further investigated. I suspect that what Freud called "the psychosis of normal people" is a very much rarer condition than is commonly supposed.

There has been a marked change in the attitude to material circumstances. Prosperity and possessing a home of one's own is taken much more for granted than it was in 1950; so much so that Mr Gorer notes "the virtual disappearance of material circumstances as essential to a happy marriage." In spite of this, men still maintain a conspiracy of silence about their incomes, so that more than one wife in six who receives a housekeeping allowance does not know what her husband earns. Males are much more secretive about their incomes than about their sexual habits.

Kinsey's findings, hitherto the accepted text for much sexual behaviour, are questioned in several places. It seems doubtful whether sexual activity declines with age as much as Kinsey supposed; nor are the latter's very high figures for homosexual involvement borne out. Only 3 per cent of men and 3 per cent of women in Gorer's sample admitted being attracted by their own sex, whereas Kinsey found that no less than 37 per cent of males, and 28 per cent of females acknowledged homosexual arousal. The new figures are probably an underestimate; but Kinsey's certainly require more validation than has hitherto been forthcoming.

The most disturbing findings in this new survey relate to birth control. The majority of the unmarried who are having intercourse do not regularly use any form of contraception, and those who do use methods which are old-fashioned and comparatively inefficient. Almost a quarter of each sex expressed revulsion towards homosexuality rather than tolerance, compassion or understanding.

All in all, this is a picture of an extremely conventional society; chaste, limited, prejudiced; serious and dull. Lord Longford, Malcolm Muggeridge and Mrs Whitehouse have evoked the perfect no-risk plan which will allow you to give your family one of the world's most respected encyclopaedias at half the price you could pay for comparable encyclopaedias.



Statue of Quintin Hogg, founder of the London Polytechnic and grandfather of the present Lord Chancellor, in Langham Place, W.1. The picture is taken from "On Public View" by Paul William White, with photographs by Richard Gloucester (Hutchinson £8), about open-air sculptures in London.

An uncivil servant

THE DIARIES OF SIR ALEXANDER CADOGAN 1938-1945
edited by David Dilks/Cassell £6 pp 881

WOODROW WYATT

IT WAS the Prince de Condé who is supposed to have said first that no man is a hero to his valet, upon which Hegel added the gloss "That is true not because the hero is not a hero, but because the valet is a valet." Hegel's point has never been better illustrated than by these diaries.

Sir Alexander Cadogan was Deputy Under Secretary of the Foreign Office in 1936 and Permanent Under Secretary from January 1938 until 1945 when he became Britain's Permanent Representative at the United Nations Organisation.

Among his distinguished political masters he had the reputation of being a paragon of a British Civil Servant. He did not return the compliment.

Despite his clerical skills and his efficiency as a courteous smoother Cadogan was a truly second-rate man. On the major issues his judgment was too often wrong, he had no originality and his mind was cramped, to the point of caricature, in the conventional mould of his class. Obviously he never got over his resentment at being the poor younger son of a rich earl and forced to make his living among men he regarded as his inferiors either in birth or capacity.

He does not disdain to sneer predictably at Lord Bessborough (whom he calls Horeb) when he was sacked from the War Office and nearly made Minister of Information.

"This is blinding and exquisitely funny," I don't time to get my breath out, on thinking it over came to the conclusion that I was in control of our propaganda would be a major disaster.

But Mr David Dilks, who has made a beautiful job of linking, editing, commenting on and presenting these diaries has not wasted his time. Of course they are of interest. The informed malice of those who have served the famous is always of interest. It is the best gossip column of them all.

Why did Cadogan meticulously keep his voluminous diaries? In addition to history? No, Atter Churchill's, and everybody else's, history of the war, "it seemed to me that the chronicle had been fully compiled.

Correct. There are a few nuggets here and there. Eden wrote on the edge of becoming Viceroy of India in November, 1941. He would have enjoyed it but it wouldn't have changed history. Independence, Kashmir, Bangladesh and the China-Pakistan confrontation with Russia-India would still have happened.

Cadogan was not concerned with such speculation. He was concerned with himself, the distant, disinterested godlike figure to all the miserable men he had to serve. "What cattle these politicians are. And what moral cowards."

"Silly old Hattias" evoked that observation. But, with Neville Chamberlain, he admired him the most. Certainly he finishes with the obligatory anthems of praise to Churchill—to have omitted them would have ruled him out of serious consideration.

Yet, on May 8, 1940, "N. Chamberlain, the best PM in sight. The only alternative is Halifax. Winston useless." Not a momentary aberration. When Churchill is Prime Minister he is "too rambling and romantic and sentimental and temperamental, old Neville still the best of the lot." As late as March, 1942, the diarist records, "Poor old PM in a sour mood and a bad way. I fear he's played out."

The same thought did not come to his mind when he wrote of Chamberlain preparing for Munich at the end of September, 1938—he was completely horrified—he was quite calmly for total surrender. Or was he equally defeatist in his heart? Maybe he sympathised with Samuel Hoare, made ambassador to Spain in May, 1940, of whom he writes, "Dirly little dog has got the wind up and wants to get out of the country."

What is the difference from his own sentiments (May 21, 1940), "only a miracle can save us; otherwise we're done" and (May 31, 1940) "Went with Theo (his wife) to choose rugs. Just as well to give away Treasury notes, which will be worth nothing, for goods of value."

It is no surprise that he thought the inclusion of the Labour Party in the Government would strengthen it. One of the generals "our own (including CIGS) are blockheads who cannot learn anything."

Eden, unless doing what Cadogan prescribes, is always jumpy, impetuous, foolish. A typical entry, January 8, 1945:

A. arrives at 12.30. Summons a meeting on Greece at 12.45 and I attend. He is in a bad mood at 1.15. What a way of doing business. He strides about the room, gabbling and, at least, can't hear what he says.

Attlee is an "argumentative mouse," and so on for other politicians, commanders and officials.

Vanisitt, who saw through and wanted to stand up to Hitler when Chamberlain and Cadogan were duped by him and soaked in appeasement, makes Cadogan froth with frequent written "age and hate. When he was given a peacetime in 1941 Cadogan turned bright green, "a Peacetime? Good god! I must have a dukedom."

Ernest Bevin receives condescending praise because his "sound ideas" enable Cadogan to tutor him. It is traditionally safe for the aristocrat to approve of simple, goodhearted labourers, even if they are the crop of "h's" as the diarist invariably makes Bevin and Jimmy Thomas (the railwayman who became a Cabinet Minister) do.

Mr Dilks argues "that the malevolence, impudence, conceit and insolence of the diaries do not represent 'the real man' and that they are some kind of self-therapy, the safety valve of his genuinely amiable and understanding nature. I do not agree. They represent what Cadogan was thinking all the time as he dealt politely and helpfully with his political chiefs and the rest of them. Despite his hypocritically modest murmurs he always meant his diaries to be published and, characteristically, delayed their appearance till after his death. He wanted us, and posterity, to be convinced that without The Admirable Crichton his inept masters would have floundered to destruction.

Galbraith at large

ECONOMIC PEACE AND LAUGHTER by John Kenneth Galbraith/Andre Deutsch £2.50
ROY HARROD

THIS BOOK is a fascinating mixture of economics, sociology, biography and autobiography. Its serious purpose is shot through with fun and gaiety, and it is full of sly thrusts at the great of this world and at those not so great. It was first published in the USA about six months ago. Since its publication the world has come round in a notable way to the views of Professor Galbraith. In the fifth essay, written in the early summer of 1970, he argues forcefully that it is in vain to hope to check wage-price spiralling by so-called "monetary and fiscal policies"; it is useful to interfere directly with the upward movements of wages and prices, and legal sanctions are, he holds, likely to be required to enforce what may be specified in "guide lines."

The Democratic administration in the USA adopted a voluntary policy with some measure of success before 1966, but then faltered. The Republicans entirely repudiated the idea of such interference. This was the stance of President Nixon when he was returned in 1968. Monetary and fiscal policies of an anti-inflationary character could be relied on to stop the inflation, and there should be no direct interference with prices and wages. These doctrines were put into practice, and, lo and behold, the inflation became worse than before, while unemployment rose. This gave Professor Galbraith an excellent target for the sly use of his weapons of ridicule.

But then, some four months after this book was published, the colossal world-wide run on the dollar, mounting wage inflation and continuing wage inflation implied. President Nixon was to reverse his position and to impose a three months' freeze on wages and prices. There has been reference to a "Keynesian." This epithet is inappropriate. Keynes did not give consideration to this particular problem. Rather, it should be said that President Nixon has become a "Galbraithian." That, however, might be more galling to American Right-wingers than the reference to one who, although a revolution-ary in his day, has now become a respected figure of past history.

It is to be noted that, in a similar change of front, we anticipated the Americans by 27 days (July 19).

Professor Galbraith holds that direct interference with prices and wages is a permanent feature of policy. There are many on both sides of the Atlantic who, while reluctantly acquiescing in interference at present, hold that it is a once-only event required to deal with a crisis of crisis, but they fail to explain what so special about the present crisis or why the full employment policy will not lead to a recurrence of similar situations from time to time.

The essay, however, that is most distinctive of Professor Galbraith is the first, in which he pleads that we should begin giving second place to the production of an ever-increasing flow of material goods, in favour of urban renewal, preservation of the countryside, etc. Here again Professor Galbraith will lead public opinion tagging along behind him in due course.

There are a number of brilliant short biographies of eminent persons, some with a touch of venom. The one that appeared in the American edition, but is omitted in this, is that of Dean Acheson. Why? It was quite all right. Is there, perhaps, some reason of "security," that an outsider cannot be expected to detect?

And then there are a number of delightful autobiographical pieces. One describes the charming village of Gstaad in Switzerland, where in recent years he has done much of his writing. Another is about "the nicest village in the world"—Newfane in Southern Vermont. The greater part of the book, however, concerns those serious problems of economics and politics that have been perplexing all thinking people during his adult life.

Out tomorrow The Winds of War

HERMAN WOUK

An utterly engrossing novel alive with unforgettable characters. From the author of The Caine Mutiny. £2.50

The book that is sweeping two continents

In the Shadow of Man

JANE GOODALL

'Her ten year study of chimpanzees in the wild ... a notable contribution to human knowledge'

MARGARET LANE, DAILY TELEGRAPH

'An outstanding book'

JULIAN HUXLEY

'One of natural history's most impressive field studies ... should become an instant animal classic'

TIME

'She has written a real spell-binder'

ELSPETH HUXLEY, TIMES £2.50

Top of the best-selling lists

Agatha Christie

NEMESIS

Jane Goodall

IN THE SHADOW OF MAN

Alistair MacLean

BEAR ISLAND

The Great Duke

ARTHUR BRYANT

A brilliant biographical narrative of Wellington the soldier

'This admirable book ... is conceived and planned on a massive scale ... a splendid book certain to give both pleasure and instruction'

LORD BIRKENHEAD, DAILY TELEGRAPH

'A most accomplished performance'

A. J. P. TAYLOR, OBSERVER £3.50

Just published

Winston Graham

THE JAPANESE GIRL

and other stories

'Such highly versatile and traditional writing will be welcomed by many'

THE GUARDIAN £1.75

COLLINS

Every Night's a Bullfight



An entertainment by

John Gardner

THE BOOK OF THE SEASON

at the Shireston Festival

£2.50

PLENDER



Ted Lewis

Author of Get Carter

A masterpiece of excitement and tension, set against a background of the industrial north within a framework of political extremism and commercial sex.

£2.00

Michael Joseph

Was a great encyclopaedia ever offered like this?

- 1 Volume-by-volume easy payment
 - 2 Absolutely NO commitment
 - 3 Every volume on approval
 - 4 No salesmen will call
- ... and HALF THE PRICE you might expect to pay

We invite you to accept **FREE** THE FIRST VOLUME

Never was a great encyclopaedia offered like this before. No salesman to call on you... no hire purchase agreement... no commitment to take more volumes than you wish. Heron Books have evolved the perfect no-risk plan which will allow you to give your family one of the world's most respected encyclopaedias at half the price you could pay for comparable encyclopaedias.

We mail the volumes to your door at approximately monthly intervals... each one is on ten days approval... you pay for the volumes one at a time as you accept them... you are free to cancel your subscription at any time. And we offer you the first volume as an introductory FREE GIFT!

When you have collected all 24 volumes of The Illustrated World of Knowledge, you will have in your home one of the most respected and up-to-date encyclopaedias in the English-speaking world at a total cost of only £39.50 (plus p.p.s.) For similar encyclopaedias you could pay £120... £140... even more!

No thinking person - no parent - needs to be convinced of the inestimable educational value of a first-class encyclopaedia. Not only is it an immediately accessible source of information but, more important, it stimulates and awakens your mind to the other fascinations of man and all his works and the awesome universe in which we live.

There are several encyclopaedias whose names are household words. One of them is *Everyman's*. It has for 60 years been valued for its authority and comprehensiveness. And *The Illustrated World of Knowledge* is *Everyman's* but completely revised, brought up to date and to vibrant life with glowing colour.

4 EDITORS TWENTY CONSULTANT CONTRIBUTORS EVERY ENTRY REVIEWED NEW ENTRIES ADDED 3 1/2 YEARS OF WORK.

With its 50,000 entries (that's over 8 million words), invaluable cross-reference system, handsome and superbly illustrated, *The Illustrated World of Knowledge* is one of the finest most comprehensive, most authoritative and up-to-date encyclopaedias available today. But as always, Heron Books say "Don't take our word for it."

DON'T MAKE UP YOUR MIND NOW. SEE FOR YOURSELF NO COST - NO RISK.

Complete and return the Free Gift and Examination Certificate. This commits you to nothing. But it will bring you the first two magnificent volumes of *The Illustrated World of Knowledge*. Read them. Examine them. Discuss them with friends. Only when you are completely convinced that everything we say is true do you have to decide whether or not to keep them. The first volume is yours FREE as an outright gift.

The other volume you may keep for the amazingly low subscriber's price of only £2.50 plus p.p.s. And to make it even easier you may if you wish pay this in two instalments (including a very small handling charge) of £1.50.

Thereafter, you may take as many or as few of the volumes as you wish. We do not tie you to any agreement. You may cancel your subscription whenever you please.

Only Heron Books could offer you so easy a way to own that encyclopaedia you've always promised yourself.

FREE GIFT AND EXAMINATION CERTIFICATE

The Illustrated World of Knowledge Dept. 726/111 18 St. Ann's Crescent, London SW18 2LX.

Please send me the first volume of the *Illustrated World of Knowledge* encyclopaedia that you promise to give me as an outright free gift. Along with it you may send me - without making any commitment - Volume 2 to read and examine FREE. If not delighted, I will return only Volume 2, post paid, within 10 days, keeping Volume 1 as my gift book, and that will end the matter.

I prefer to pay £2.50 plus 28 pence p.p.s. per volume, saving 12p.

I prefer to pay for each volume in two monthly instalments of £1.50 (inc. p.p.s.).

YOUR SIGNATURE (parent's sig. if under 18)

Name

Address

SEND NO MONEY NOW

HOW CAN WE OFFER ONE OF THE WORLD'S FINEST ENCYCLOPAEDIAS AT SO LOW A PRICE?

The answer is simple. By offering it DIRECT to you. No salesman's commissions... no middleman's profits. Heron Books, too, can call on the resources of sister companies all over the world - in Switzerland, France, Germany, Scandinavia, Australia, Japan, Canada and the USA to bring you quality and value in finely-bound books with which no other organisation can compete.

3 Beautiful four-colour 'Antique' Maps

You're to keep it you reply within five days whatever your decision.

The World-respected *Everyman's Encyclopaedia* FULLY UP-DATED and with 5,000 COLOUR ILLUSTRATIONS
The Illustrated World of Knowledge in 24 superbly-bound, leather-grained, golden-tooled volumes

Hatchards
187, PICCADILLY, LONDON,
W.1. 01-734 3201.
"THE WORLD'S FINEST
BOOKSHOP"
CHRISTMAS BOOKS
CATALOGUE FREE ON
APPLICATION

IN MY FASHION

NORMAN HARTNELL, dressmaker to the Queen, is almost too perfect a piece of type casting as author of "Royal Courts of Fashion," published last week by Cassell's.

Mr. Hartnell, whose wit might be described as demurely impish, is under the impression that he has submerged it for this elegantly presented, handsomely illustrated book. "No use," he says, "putting in quips (one can't say 'I' when writing history) though I longed to."

Actually, although he has eschewed "I," his special sense of humour shows in his choice of richly funny titles from the gossips—diarists like Fanny Burrey, Thomas Creevey, Evelyn, and Peppys, Purtoy and



NORMAN HARTNELL

Lord Hervey, Madame de Sévigné, with which he enlivens his panorama from the Tudors to the Twentieth Century.

The ingeniously potted biographies, the skilfully condensed history rip along enriched by the carefully chronicled descriptions of the dress, manners and customs of each period.

The book contains an enormous amount of research and Mr. Hartnell, who says he rattled off his first book, "Silver and Gold," in about three months, writing a couple of hours every third day, is rather appalled to find this one took him a year and a half.

What makes the book such an engaging reading is that Mr. Hartnell has digested his research, from the London Library to Burroughs Wellcome's Historical Medical Museum, so thoroughly that his narrative has a lightness and wit that reminded me of Nancy Mitford.

His favourite ladies are Elizabeth Tudor (everyone seems mad about her nowadays), "Marie Antoinette, that naughty Pompadour, King Charles's lady friends and Josephine Bonaparte." To him the great style setters were Empress Eugénie and Queen Alexandra.

We were talking in his Salon at 26 Bruton Street, Mr. Hartnell, who had come up from his house at Ascot for an appointment with the Queen Mother, was a little perturbed because he had

muddled two dark pin-striped suits and put on the trousers of one (pin stripes a touch wider) and the jacket of another (pin stripes a bit finer). I hadn't noticed, for I had been riveted by his white collared maver and white checked shirt and violet crocheted tie.

The salon is really the last couture salon in the grand manner, with its pale carpet, large crystal chandeliers, its mirrored columns and mirror-banded door frame through which his models make their entrance. He had moved there in 1935 from No. 10 where he had started in 1923.

"I wanted it to be stylishly timeless," he says. "No wrought iron, no chrome, just classic beauty." Here have come every member of the Royal Family, from Queen Mary to Princess Anne.

Mr. Hartnell has played a part in two Coronations. For the Coronation of King George VI, he made the train bearers' dresses, and for the Coronation of our present Queen, he made the Peeresses' robes.

One of his greatest successes was when King George VI and Queen Elizabeth paid a State Visit in 1938. "The court was still in mourning," he recalls, "but I resented the idea of sending the Queen to Paris in dead black."

He suggested to her the Royal Periwinkle of white. The Queen's all-white wardrobe took Paris by storm, and Mr. Hartnell was decorated by the French Government with the Palmes Académiques.

Mr. Hartnell's unique contribution as a designer for Royalty. The Abdication of King Edward VIII had left the idea of monarchy a bit shaky. People had not been so aware of the new Queen while she was Princess of York. With his magnificent crinolines, his shining satins, his glittering embroideries, Mr. Hartnell projected her in the manner of a modern Winterhalter.

When the Queen Mother, as Queen, sailed into the Royal Box at a Covent Garden Gala, her wide skirt swaying, her jewels and orders blazing on one of Mr. Hartnell's spangled tulle bodices, the most fashionable in the audience became extinguished. No one else in contemporary times has known so well how to project the image of Royalty.

* Royal Courts of Fashion by Norman Hartnell, Cassell £4.25. "Silver and Gold" is to be published by Tom Stacey in the spring with an afterword by Mr. Hartnell called "Looking Back."

COURT CARDS

by Ernestine Carter

KEEPING UP WITH... Fashion and Charity



ON NOVEMBER 29 the Queen, Princess Anne and Lord Mountbatten will attend the Royal World Premiere of Nicholas and Alexandra at the Odeon, Leicester Square, in aid of the Spastics Society.

The romantic Edwardian elegance of the costumes by Antonio Castillo (for the two Empresses) and Yvonne Blake (for all the others) inspired Clive to create a Nicholas and Alexandra collection. Clive's dresses are now on sale in Harrod's Model Designer room; the original costumes will be on exhibition from November 27 on Harrod's Fourth Floor. For tickets to the Royal World Premiere of the film (£5, £10, £20) send a cheque made out to The Spastics Society to Mrs Sheila Rawstone, 12 Park Crescent, W1.

On November 24 Harpers & Queen with Estée Lauder, De Beers and the British Fur Trade Association are presenting a Fashion Spectacular, "The Brilliant and Beautiful," in the Great Hall, Lincoln's Inn, in aid of Action for the Crippled Child. Ten p.m. and black tie. For tickets, £6 if over 26, £3 under, including champagne (courtesy



Photograph by Christopher Moore

Left, still from "Nicholas and Alexandra." Above, Clive's contemporary version of the artist's smock worn in the film by Ania Marson as the Tsarina's daughter, Princess Olga. Clive's smock, designed for Dorinda, is in cream crepe, stitched in brown, over a brown velvet skirt. Also in cream and navy, £91, at Fortroads.

Laurent Perrier), port (courtesy Cockburn's), cigarettes (courtesy Gallahers), cabaret (courtesy Frankie Howard), send cheques payable to Action for the Crippled Child to the Marchioness of Bute, Harpers & Queen, Chestergate House, Vauxhall Bridge Road, SW1.

On November 24 Parfums Nina Ricci is holding a Thé Dansant from 5 p.m. in the Napoleon Suite

at the Cafe Royal in aid of The British Home & Hospital for incurables.

The highlight of the evening will be the fashion show of The Dansant dresses from the Cecil Beaton Collection presented to the Victoria & Albert Museum. Dehenham & Freebody are recreating a Thirties decor; Jacques le Brigand of Nina Ricci, Paris, with Madame Vernier and Frederick Fox, will judge the best dressed head; Norman Hartnell will be one of the judges of the best-dressed couple; Tommy Roberts (Mr Freedom), will help judge The Charleston, Tickets, £4, from The Dansant Committee, Suite 82, 55 Park Lane, W.1.

JOAN HASLIP, whose latest book "Imperial Adventurer Emperor Maximilian of Mexico and his Empress," will be published by Weidenfeld and Nicolson next week, wrote her first book when she was eighteen. She was working at the time for Sir John Squire on the London Mercury.

"I wanted to be a poet," she says. "Jack Squire said, 'no, but you might be a writer. Try a novel.' She did.

"Out of Focus" had "nice reviews" and she got offers from newspapers. So she wrote another, "Grandfather's Steps." Her third novel she tore up, then turned to biography. The new book is her seventh in this genre.

Miss Haslip, who has always seemed to me incredibly English, turns out to be hardly English at all. Her mother was half-Serbian, half-Austrian, her father half-Irish, half-English. She grew up near Florence, spent her summers in Hungary.

Her mother's villa was next door to Bernard Berenson's I Tatti, and the young Joan got to know not only the English literary lights who congregated at the Orrell Bookshop—D. H. Lawrence, Norman Douglas, Aldous Huxley, the Compton Mackenzies—but also the art world for whom I Tatti was a magnet—Kenneth Clark (now Lord), John Pope-Hennessy (now Sir John), David Carrington (now David Carrington), the people one knew when one was 17 seem to have done very well," she says.

She went to school in London until she was 12, to Miss Wolfe's. Miss Wolfe was an old German governess, whose pupils had included Lady Diana Cooper and Nancy Cunard. "If I write biography today," says Miss Haslip, "it is because of her."

She was then sent to boarding school, "where I learned nothing and got expelled, thank God," and then to schools in Florence, Rome and Paris. Instead of sending her daughters to finishing school, her mother took them travelling.

Miss Haslip's first biography, "Lady Hester Stanhope" (which she wrote when she was 22) was a success. As she wrote it without going to the Lebanon, it has always pleased her that one critic said that it was obvious she knew every rock there.

At about this time she met Oliver Gogarty and decided she wanted to write about Parnell (one can see the sequel). "I dreamed about Parnell three nights running," she remembers. "I talked to an agent who said 'you're mad.' Cobden Sanderson of the Doves Press said she was mad too, but added, 'if you want to go ahead, go ahead' and handed her a contract."

Her next book, "Portrait of Pamela" (the illegitimate daughter of Philippe Egalité and Madame de Jeanius) came out at the time of Dunkirk, and like such at that time, sank without a trace.



Photographed by Photo Studios Ltd.

JOAN HASLIP. Portrait in sanguine and conte by Molly Bishop

Miss Haslip then didn't write for a long time, for from 1940 to 1944 she was fully occupied working at the BBC in their Italian Section.

Her first book after the war was "Lucrezia Borgia." "I had always felt the Borgias were very malignant. They were too."

"The Sultan," which she considers her best book came next. The Sultan was Abdul-Hamid, "the red Sultan, the one who massacred the Armenians," she explains. "I got quite fond of him in four years."

Although the reviews were handsome ("...not a dull page," Times Literary Supplement; "...an admirable book treating a complicated period of history not only with clarity but with elegance and feeling," Daily Telegraph; "a serious contribution to history," The Sunday Times) it did not sell as well as her next, The Lonely Empress, about Elizabeth of Austria. Rather ruefully, Miss Haslip says, "I suppose what Duveen used to say about paintings is true of books. People would rather read about a beautiful young woman than an ugly old man."

For The Imperial Adventurer, Miss Haslip went to Mexico, to all the places Maximilian had been. The result is a hefty volume of 531 pages, outstripping Richard Buckle's Nijinsky by forty-five pages. Dame Rebecca West's comment was "How kind of Weidenfeld's to produce two

books that will keep us busy if the winter."

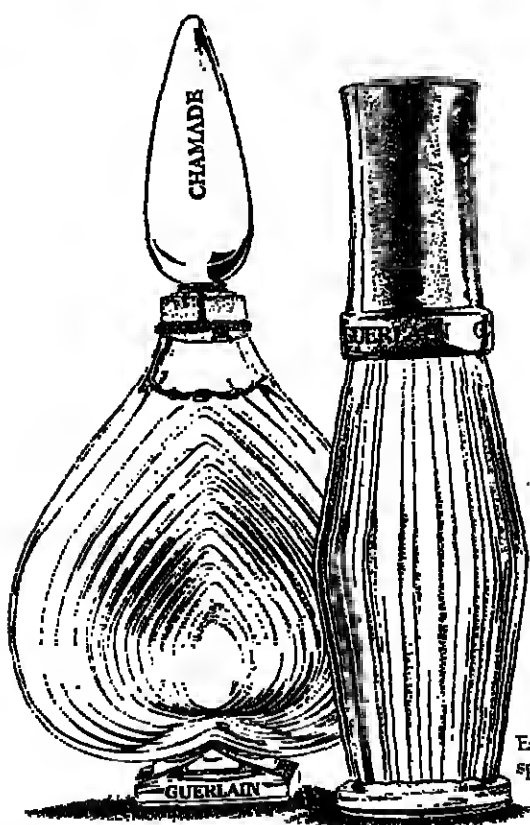
Miss Haslip says working on The Mercury made her into a bit taller, growing up in a large villa "where all the money went on the gutters" gave her distaste for possessions. "I think," she says, "I must be a gypsy. Money to me has always meant railway tickets." Her next stop is Russia, for a book Catherine the Great.

WILD LIFE

AT AQUASCUTUM

LAST MONDAY Aquascutum launched their contribution to the saving of the world's wild life with a fashion show of simulated furs. According to Mr Peter Scott, Chairman of The World Wildlife Fund, the great cat family—the cheetahs, leopards, ocelots, tigers, jaguars—is in grave danger of extinction. Aquascutum's solution toward preserving the real animals while enjoying the pleasure of their pelts is to introduce coats in a new fabric which reproduces with remarkable exactitude the skins of these endangered beasts. The coats, all under £40, were shown with reluctance but real cheetah and leopard cubs who, if Aquascutum can help it, need no longer end up as a sleeve or a wide rever

GUERLAIN



Eau de Cologne spray £1.90.

CHAMADE: MUCH MORE THAN A PERFUME.

Perfume from £4.40. Eau de Toilette from £3.37. Eau de Cologne from £1.83. Bath oil £1.05. Soap from £1.50. Body cream £2.45. Deodorant spray £1.88. Talcum powder £1.10. Dusting powder £3.35.

55 New Bond Street, London W.1. 01-629 7012.

RE-ORGANISATION OF FASHION FLOOR AT The Elizabeth Arden Salon

HUGE REDUCTIONS Superb Designer Clothes

Some Examples:

Coats £56 reduced to £15

Suits £50 reduced to £15

Dresses £46 reduced to £12

Also handbags, costume jewellery and accessories.

MONDAY NOVEMBER 15 FOR 5 DAYS ONLY

Personal shoppers only.

ELIZABETH ARDEN SALON, 20 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON W1



add living beauty to a home with House Plants

INTERFLORA

CubeShelf

CubeStore's new super slim shelving system. Aluminium uprights and brackets plus all white shelves in lots of sizes. Prices start at 26p!!

catalogues: 46 Cambridge Rd London W4

01-994 6016

KAFFE FASSETT is one of the most individual and original designers of knitwear. To him, knitting is on extension of painting—a continual counter-point of pattern on pattern, of misty, muted colours, expressed in a bewildering variety of intricate stitches. Left, man's sweater in pure wool, diagonally striped in brown on dull yellow, the neck, sleeves and hem banded in

pink and grey checks, edged in circles of pink on green, £20. Right, women's rib-cage sweater in black, patterned in yellow circles edged in brown, the hem and the inside seam of the sleeves banded in black and yellow circles edged in brown on yellow, £9.50. Both of Beatrice Bellini Handknits, 11 West Holm Street, SW1. Drawings by David THIL.



Liberty, Regent Street, London W.1.

01-734 1234



Conway—winterweight, finely woven crepe. £44.50.

Buckingham—full back, ga-anywhere coat in classic Irish tweeds. £36.50.

Coats for town, coats for the country. Just two from the versatile Aquascutum collection. Some in Scottish and Irish tweeds; some in camelhairs; some in fine worsteds, crepes and velours. See these and many others at

Aquascutum
100 REGENT STREET, W1

and at fine stores throughout the world including the Aquascutum 'Shops' at:

LONDON: Knightsbridge Harrods, Oxford Street D. H. Evans, Selfridges, Regent Street Aquascutum, Dickins & Jones, Kensington Derry & Toms. PROVINCES: Aberdeen Watt & Grant, Birmingham Ruchames, Blackpool J. R. Taylor at Austin Road, Bournemouth Soles, Bobby, Bristol Aquascutum, Canterbury Martins, Cardiff Howells, Cardiff Studdelme, Cheltenham Cavendish House, Chester Brown, Cressa, Dundee Caird, Eastbourne Bobby, Edinburgh Patrick Thomson, Exeter Bobby, Colsons, Glasgow Cressa, Dally, McDonalds, Grimsby Birnu, Harrogate Marshall & Snelgrove, McDonalds, Move William Hill, Hull Hummonds, Kingston Bantalls, Leamington Spa Bobby, Leeds Mathias Robinson, Leicester Fenwick, Liverpool Cressa, Henderson, Watson Prickard, Manchester Affleck & Brown, Kendal Milne, Newcastle upon Tyne Fenwick, Norwich Jarrod, Nottingham Griffin & Bolding, Perth McEwen, Plymouth Dingle, Scarborough Marshall & Snelgrove, Sheffield Wailes, Southampton Broadbents, Southsea Handleys, St. Anne-on-Sea J. R. Taylor, Stoke-on-Trent Humber, Worthing Hubbard, York Marshall & Snelgrove.

Don't be kitchen-bound over Christmas...

Shop and Cook NOW!



See how it's done in your nearest **BE JAM FREEZER-FOOD CENTRE**

Ask for a copy of the Bejam Four-week Kitchen Programme for Xmas—including menu and recipes from the nearest Bejam Centre or from Head Office.

SPECIAL XMAS OFFER—The new Bejam Chest Deep Freezer 12 cu. ft. Only £100 with £15.00 worth of food of your choice. **FREE**. Credit Terms available. £15.00 deposit. £4.34 per month for two years. (Total Credit Price including food—£119.16.)

- LONDON AREA:** BATHAM: 46-52 Batham High Road, S.W.12. BRENTWOOD: 2-4 High Street. BROMLEY: 16-17 Bromley South Shopping Precinct, Westmoreland. EDGWARE: 124-126 High Street. ESHER: 51 High Street. FARNHAM: 45-49 South Street. FINCHLEY: 21-25 Viceroy Parade, High Road, N.2. HARROW: 17-21 Headstone Drive.
- HAVES:** 502-512 Uxbridge Road. HOUNSLOW: 740-744 London Road. ILFORD: 539 Cranbrook Road, Gants Hill. NEW MALDEN: 11-13 High Street. DRIFTON: Carlton Parade. REO Hill: High Street. ROMFORD: 1, 2, 3 Angel Way, Money. STANMORE: 1 Buckingham Parade. WEST WICKHAM: Summit House, Gilead Way.
- Also in Boscobel, Brighton, Bristol, Chelmsford, Halesowen, High Wycombe, Huddersfield, Gadsby (Leicester), Oxford, Peterborough, Poole, Reading, Rickmansworth, St. Albans, Solihull, Southend, Watlington Garden City, Worthing.
- Opening Shortly: SHEPPERS BUSH, WELLING, COVENTRY.
- FRIDAYS OPEN LATE TO 8 P.M. SATURDAYS 5.30 P.M.**

Head Office: BEJAM BULK BUYING LTD., Honeywell Lane, Stanmore, Middx. Tel: 01-932 8311 (20 lines) Telex 21776

DEEP FREEZE SECRETS! 128 pages, 12 chapters, 120 illustrations. Housewives, save time and money! Instant meals, exotic sauces, party dishes, etc.—special freeze recipes. Advice on buying freezers plus new ideas to brighten up your menus. Tips galore. (Sound edition 60p) **20p** Bookshops or (p. & p. 5p please) **ELIJAH RIGHT WAY BOOKS** 25/30 Kingswood Bldg., Kingswood, Sv.

add living beauty to a home with House Plants FROM INTERFLORA SHOPS

Jewels '72

Jewels '72, the modern jewellery exhibition opens November 17 at Cameo Corner. Come to see—and buy—the work of leading young designers who express their vision of today's world in materials as old as time.

And while you're with us, contrast the new masters' work with that of their forebears—for which we have been famous for so long. The exhibition Jewels '72 is open until Dec 24th, Mon-Fri 9.30-5 and on Thursdays till 6.30. Open Saturdays in December only till 1.00.

cameo corner

Cameo Corner, 26 Museum St, London WC1A 1JT. Tel: 01-637 0981
FAMOUS FOR ANTIQUE JEWELLERY THROUGH FIVE REIGNS

Get *300 years experience of warmth wrapped around you with a KARO-STEP continental quilt

* A Karo-Step quilt, with its pure, light, fluffy down (not feathers nor man-made fibres) and its unique diamond shape, double-walled (pocketing) (not merely channelled), is backed by over 300 years experience in the Continental Bedding Industry. You'll sleep blissfully warm and super sound without heavy blankets weighing you down. And with no top sheet and no blankets—there's no back breaking bed making, just a pat and its done.

* 5 POINTS TO CONSIDER BEFORE YOU BUY A 'CONTINENTAL' QUILT

1. Is it filled with pure down of a specified quality? i.e. Pure Brown Duck Down, or Pure White Goose Down.
2. Is the Quilt made on the Continent from highest quality, specially treated Continental Cambric, guaranteed down proof?
3. Is the Quilt properly walled and pocketed to prevent tearing and cold seams?
4. Does the Quilt carry a 15 years unconditional guarantee against any defects in manufacture or material?
5. Is the manufacturer of the Quilt backed by 300 years of experience in the Continental Bedding Industry?

KARO-STEP, the original, luxurious, pure down filled, genuine Continental Quilt, is the only one which can claim a yes to these 5 points.

Important NO FREE TRIAL

All our products are guaranteed to be new and unused and for obvious hygienic reasons you will realise that it is not possible to make any free trial offer. You will be the only person to use the Karo-Step quilt you buy. However, if you have any complaints with your purchase your money will be refunded in full.

£2.00 OFF SPECIAL WINTER REDUCTION

HURRY

KARO-STEP THE GERMAN BEDDING CENTRE
26 Connaught Street London W2 Tel: 01-723 9173

Registered UK Trade Mark

Without obligation, please send me your free colour leaflet, price list on Karo-Step quilts, covers and matching pillows and £2 OFF voucher.

NAME _____ BLOCK CAPITALS PLEASE
ADDRESS _____

This offer closes on January 10th 1973. S180

PERSONAL SHOPPERS WELCOME—OPEN SATURDAY

Open house at less cost

"I'm not really a do-it-yourself man at all," says Alan Fletcher, one of the design partners and founders of the Crosby/Fletcher/Forbes team. "But quite simply I was short of money. I'd paid so much more for the house than I'd ever expected so that I had no option."

When he bought the house was a collection of dark, dank rooms tucked off a Notting Hill Gate crescent and it housed seven people. Now it is light and airy, open-plan with hardly any doors, no corridors and no floors. Much of the work Alan Fletcher either did himself or supervised using local handyman.

It all goes to show what a shortage of cash can do. As you can see from the picture the house is colourful, gay and full of visual interest. The central core of the house was ripped out and instead of having doors, separate rooms and walls the whole ground floor is open-plan with the separate areas defined by the arrangement of the furniture.

I quickly learned what I could do and what I couldn't. I discovered that there were skills I simply hadn't got. Carpentry, for instance, I simply could not cut the edges straight. So I got somebody else to do it. Plastering, too, I found was a skill I just couldn't get right. I adopted a simple principle with the walls. I dealt with woodwork as something hard until I came to something hard then I stopped and painted it white. It seemed to work. I wanted to paint the beams black but they were all ridged with woodworm so I had to rip them out and we were left with a complete slab.

And to do it yourself... ANYONE who has ever decided to tackle a job around the house rather than call in a plumber/carpenter/electrician/builder, will know how exasperating it can often be. The exact work often falls through for lack of the right tools and it's back to the builder, who can't come for a fortnight.

What was needed was a kit with the best of each type of tool for a reasonable price. So we compiled our own from several and tried to include the basic equipment to handle almost any type of job (over 30 different tools).

The value of the tool kit, buying each item separately, is over £20, but the cost to Sunday Times readers is £16.95 including packing and despatch.

The kit contains: Surform file, hand drill, 1in. flatbit, 1in. flatbit, masonry drills 8, 10 and 12, 1in. wood chisel, 1in. wood chisel, pin hammer, 16oz claw-foot hammer, 3in screwdriver, 5in screwdriver, try and mitre square with

to form the landing I just got the cheapest wood, pine, and I bought joist hangers and fixed those to the ceiling and then dropped the planks of wood into them. I did all the electrical work in the house myself. It isn't a skill, it's just a matter of putting the right-coloured wires together in the right way.



An ex-municipal staircase, no corridors, no curtains and a lot of do-it-yourself

red, green and blue, so everything had to be one of those colours. This meant I didn't have to keep on making aesthetic decisions.

The heating I dealt with by buying a great factory heater (a lovely black functional looking object) that is bigger than the biggest domestic heater, but cheaper even than the middle-range size.

I didn't actually do the plumbing but I'm sure I could. It's not a skill these days, now that you can use plastic tubing. It's all rather like a do-it-yourself kit. I think my best buys were the things I got from Paddington Town Hall like the cast-iron stairs with the oak treads, the extra railings I used round the landings and the lift of shutters. I don't like curtains, and besides saving on the cleaning, the shutters have a security function.

When it came to painting furniture I went to Simpsons (off Edgware Road) and I bought three lots of polyurethane paint.

foam mattresses simply covered with one of the blankets that I always try to bring back from abroad.

For our bed we got a box-spring with a mattress straight on the floor (the space under the bed was originally used for chamber-pots, if you don't use them, why keep the space to collect fluff?).

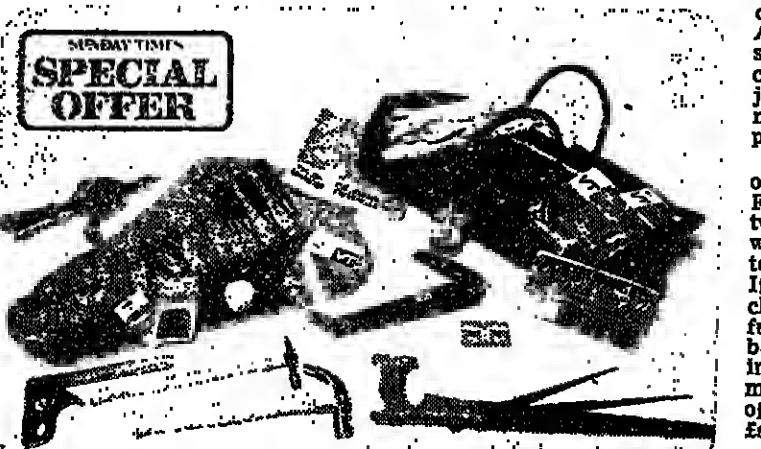
Then I bought two whitewood units that matched up, backed them up against the bed to form a bedhead. One is painted blue, one green. This way you get not only a headboard but somewhere to put the clothes as well. The bed is covered in a patchwork bedspread which Paula (Alan's Italian wife) crocheted.

Everything in the kitchen is open—there are no doors or covered-in cupboards. Tongued-and-grooved pine is on the walls and into it are stuck nails on which all the utensils hang.

The Fletchers work on the principle that if something is used often it shouldn't be there at all. All the shelving is Remploy's simple, standard system and the cupboards in the dining-area are just Remploy shelves with doors made for them by a local carpenter.

Most of the furniture is based on such simple ideas. Alan Fletcher's desk is formed from two bits of blackboard, edged in wood and covered with black lino to give a good working surface. If the lino gets marked, you just change it. The whole house is full of ingenious ideas, showing how with a little effort, plenty of imagination and flair, you can make do with surprisingly little of that old-fashioned commodity, £sd.

trip, insulation tape, 3 amp fuses, 13 amp fuses, work apron, picture books, canvas bag, canvas roll. To order please fill in the coupon in capital letters with a ball-point pen. The offer is open to readers in the UK only and up to three deliveries.



TOOL KIT OFFER, THE SUNDAY TIMES, 12 COLEY ST., LONDON, WC9 9YT.

Please send tool kit(s) at £16.95 each. I enclose a cheque/money order value £..... crossed and made payable to Times Newspapers Limited.

Name
Address

Hopefully we will publish them as a book presently.

Obviously, some ideas were contributed by many different readers. In that case, we have named, and will pay, the reader whose postcard was first out of the bag.

- After reading my newspapers I clean the windows with them. First I clean one in a bucket of water. Then a dry one for a rub and the ink disappears. (Mrs E. Calver, 3 Tudor Place, SE3.)
- My greatest money-saver was to have my sitting-room draught-excluded. When I bought the

house my skirt would lift with the draught as I sat at the table. Now I heat a large room with a third of my gas fire. My gas bill has been halved. (Mrs J. C. Baling, London W5.)

- Whenever I buy a bottle of washing-up liquid I tip half the contents into the empty one, then fill up both with water, so I have two bottles for the price of one. For heavy-handed people like me, this tip is invaluable. (Mrs Eileen Whitehead, 47 Ruanmoria Crescent, Craig-y-Dol, Llandudno, Caerns.)
- My bread bills have been more than halved since I started making by own bread—and it is unbelievably easy to do. A host of different types of bread can be made from the basic dough—plain loaves, cheese bread, onion bread, plaice. (Doris Poplan, 3 Connaught Avenue, Kidderminster, Worcs.)

Complexion Beauty

The secret of smoothing and beautifying the complexion is said to lie in the saturation of the skin with a new type of moist tropical oil. A radiant bloom appears as roughness and tiny lines are gently smoothed and eased with the fingertips. This beautifying treatment with the moist oil of Ulay is recommended by skin care consultants to give the complexion a natural, healthy glow of beauty, even in winter. Used daily before you make up, Ulay will rapidly promote the younger, lovelier appearance of your complexion.

Humidifiers & Instruments

to protect your Health, Furniture, Antiques, Pianos, Paintings, Books, etc. Learn how they prevent static electricity and obviate that dryness feeling, headaches, dry, sore throats and cut winter colds and flu. Make heating a success—even if you suffer from sinus, throat, bronchial, asthma and respiratory complaints.

APPROVED STOCKISTS INCLUDE:
Harrod's, Heal's, Gamages, Maples, Selfridges, Civil Service Stores, John Lewis Dept. Stores, Blithner Pianos, W.I. Louis G. Ford Builders Merchants, Bunnells (Kingston), Army and Navy Stores.

Please send FREE brochure HUMIDIFIER ADVISORY SERVICE 21, Napier Road, Bromley, Kent. 992646. Telephone: 01-460 1117 Telex: 886501

Name
Address

Callers and Trade Enquiries welcome

THE NELSON TOUCH

The new Sunday Times full-colour wallchart, Nelson and His Victory at Trafalgar, already best known to so many at the National Maritime Museum, is now available to you. Your copy sent by cheque for £1.95 plus 10p postage and packing (unpaid) and made payable to Times Newspapers Ltd, in Wallcharts The Sunday Times, 12 Coley Street, London WC9 9YT.

(See page 7 for special Christmas offer)

LOOK!

Edited by Allan Hall

Friends: first of a series

I'M MORE at ease with people older than myself. I always used to get on with older people, it's been a tendency all my life. I don't know why exactly, maybe because I was the youngest in the family and then I was always very close to my father. There's one great friend I have in Edinburgh who's nearly 70, and we put ourselves out for her in every way when she comes to London.



Margaret Thatcher talks to Lesley Garner

The nice thing is that one goes on making friends all one's life. Children are a great source of friends, the parents of one's children's friends. We draw friends from a lot of sources. We have old Chelsea friends and constituency friends and friends we know in Kent. There are friends from the days when I was doing chemistry at Oxford. I know one or two lawyers, one or two women who are married or widowed.

I don't have a best friend, no. I suppose my sister is my best friend, but then she's my sister and maybe that doesn't count, though it doesn't follow that relatives will be friends as well.

My old schoolfriends I don't see much of, they're a long way away. They didn't come to the big city, that's the difference. But there are some people I would still rank as great friends though we're not much in touch, maybe just at Christmas. I don't send that many Christmas cards, about 400, and I'll scrawl messages in perhaps 150. Birthdays fall by the wayside I'm afraid, but if I were to see any of those friends I'd be so thrilled.

One great schoolfriend went and did domestic science after school and I never see her now, but I'm still in touch, especially with her parents and I would regard them as friends. It's really someone who's known a large slice of your life.

A few people I've known a long time and still see. It's really

the people who are near to one geographically that one sees most. I knew Edward Boyle at Oxford and he's a friend. I do think friendship goes more by party politics than by sex, though I have friends with quite different political views. I would regard my political pair, Charlie Pannell as a great friend, although he's quite opposite to me politically, because I can talk to him about personal matters. I can go up to him and say, "Look, it's my wedding anniversary, I don't really want to come in today" and he'll understand perfectly. It's a matter of feeling at ease with people that marks friends from the circle of acquaintance.

One of my greatest friends is a widow I knew from my Dartford days and she takes the children to the theatre we could ring her up very late and ask her without her feeling she'd been asked at the last minute.

I rarely go and stay with friends for a long time. I don't like staying in other people's homes for very long. When I'm working hard all week I prefer to relax in my own home. If I had friends round I'd like just to talk in a very relaxed atmosphere over a drink. Just talking really, I don't play sports at all.

I don't think you see so much of your friends if you have a family. I really can't imagine how people in politics and so on manage without a family life. I need a settled and contented home life, where you can go home and have unconditional affection and loyalty.

I'm a naturally hard worker which does get in the way of seeing friends. I get a bit worried sometimes thinking of when I retire—which I hope is a long way away—and I think one could be very lonely. I'd have to make a terrific effort, maybe I could spend the first year of my retirement simply seeing friends. I'm not that fond of my own company.

She caught my eye and lent an ear while I gave tongue. I offered my time. When I gave her my heart She threw back her head and showed me a clean pair of heels.

Bill Belcher

We wanted to hear A little Indian music But I couldn't find A baby star.

H. F. Lovelock

Dickins & Jones.

A few smart paces from Oxford Circus.

After-six style in sleek, black velvet. Brilliantly simple waistcoat with 'dinner jacket' details, long, flared pants.

Sizes 10-16. Waistcoat £12.50, pants £10.50. The white blouse, 10-16, £5.75.

Just one from hundreds in our After Six department: from casual little party separates to spectacular evening dresses. See more in the store and in our Christmas Fashion Shows.

Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday 3.15 p.m. and an extra show Thursday at 5.45 p.m.

Dickins & Jones
Regent Street, W.1. 734 7070
Thursday to 7 p.m. Saturday all day to 5.30. And at Richmond, Surrey.

سكوت من الامم

Facts about freezers

AUL LEYTON of the Mingers, Priddy in Somerset, is the most promising new development in the home-freezing world. He is the person who is going to make deep-freezing into something that makes people work very, very hard with less trouble, rather than the monster that could lower the standards of eating throughout the land. He is both theoretician and experimenter and he says:

1. Freeze things down in components, not the fully prepared dishes. Bring them together only when you take them out. If you make the whole thing, for example, with wheat-flour sauce, it tends to separate. But freeze the sauce separately, bring it quickly to almost-boiling point, 70 degrees, and whisk it in. And if anything it will be smoother than before. You can't risk it if it has lumps of meat in it. I put everything in at the point where it will only take a further 15-20 minutes to cook when I take it out. For example, something like stewing steak—marinate it, cook it in this juice, then freeze the meat and use the juice to make a sauce which you also freeze.

2. Freeze in small single-portion sizes—they freeze quicker, thaw out quicker and can be taken out in just the amounts you need.

3. Do not pre-brown, cook from the frozen state, as long as things are small enough they can be heated up very quickly and this preserves all the nutritional value and flavour.

4. Don't be frightened to suck it and see—you can only find out by trying and there is nothing in the freezing process that can make food poisonous. Feel encouraged to experiment because a freezer in the kitchen is the best plaything—cum-laboratory—here is. I shall go on finding things out until they put me in the freezer.

If you want to try Paul Leyton's products and see if they are as excellent as they should be, write to Leyton Foods Ltd., Priddy, Wells, Somerset for a price list and details.

Mr Leyton's idea is to turn people from this stupid notion that you buy a freezer and put a cow, put then, together and save money—it's absolute balderdash and you will have to consume half a ton of frozen food a year to save anything.

Where to get all the information you need about home-freezing? The Food Freezer Committee, Burston Marsteller Ltd., 25 North Row, London, W1. Telephone 01-89 0414. You can get a very good and full list of bulk suppliers, an analysis on freezers, a book-list. They will also answer problems.

The Electricity Council, Marketing Dept., Trafalgar Buildings, 1 Charing Cross, London, W1. You can get a full but not comprehensive list of frozen-food firms. They also supply a "Food Freezing at Home" by Iwen Connacher, sold for 20p.

Your local paper. Most frozen-food firms advertise themselves to reach local consumers.

Freeze is a new magazine to be published soon by the Freezer Committee. It will offer a comprehensive list of suppliers, seasonal buying articles, recipes, lots of information and facts and they will run a readers' problem bureau. For details write to "Freeze", 117 Cheyne Walk, London SW10.

The Food Information Centre, 12 Park Lane, Croydon, telephone 01-882 9245, will answer any problems and have a bank of 3,000 recipes to draw on. They have a good and useful booklet called "How to Make the Most of Your Freezer".

Insurance policy for your freezer: Harrison Baggage Associates, 32 Castle Gate, Nottingham. New Zealand Insurance Co. Ltd., House, Warrior Square, Southend-on-Sea. In some cases your own insurance company will extend your household policy.

Some suppliers of home freezers offer a cheap insurance scheme to their customers.

Maintenance for your machine: Try to get a maintenance contract and guarantee from the firm you buy your freezer from.

British Meat Service, 15-17 Ridgmount St, London WC1, have a new booklet called "Home-Freezing Meat" which is exceedingly useful.

News on Making Life Easier for Home Freezer Enthusiasts. The Iceberg Pump is not for pumping up ice-tyres but for removing the air in a bag of home-frozen fruit or vegetables.

Details from Coldstore Packs, 10 St Andrews Street, Kilmarnock, Scotland.

Koldal Insulated Bags are for carrying food home from the cash and carry—they keep it frozen solid for up to 24 days. Details from Insulations Ltd., Market Street, Wells, Somerset. Also available at Harrods and Selfridges.

The Freezer Record Book for what goes into and what comes out of the freezer so you know exactly what is there. Details from Tolly and Harvey, St Paul's Precinct, London, EC2, also available at W. H. Smith.

Containers and Wrappings by postal service from Lakeland Plastics, Alexandra Road, Windermere, Westmorland, or from Lawsons Ltd., 1a St Andrews Street South, Bury St Edmunds.

As for the essential question, which freezer to buy, which, the excellent magazine of the Consumers' Association, did exhaustive tests about a year ago.

Among small freezers, which found upright ones had more advantages than chest. The best buy was the Igloo CV 21 2S, 4.2 cu ft, £51.45 from Curry's.

There were small Hoovers, Kelvinators, Electroluxes and English Electric's which were good value for money.

Large freezers all seemed to cost much the same—round about £90 for 12 cu ft—and they listed as good value for money Hellroast FB394, Total F350H, Igloo C0239, Arctic CF410 and Jonellie AF143. Copies of the invaluable piece of research in the September 1970 Which? are available only to members, which shows the value of belonging to The Consumers' Association, 14 Buckingham St., London WC2N 6DS.

Caroline Conran



Andrew Logan in his own clothes (above) and as dressed by Molly Parkin (below). Black wool suit about £50; evening de chene shirt £20; silk tie £7.35; wool coat £79. All from Yves St Laurent, Rive Gauche, 84 Brompton Rd., SW3. Hair by Vidal Sassoon's Barber Shop, 44 Sloane St., SW1.



Andrew Logan goes straight

ANDREW LOGAN has already designed his hat. It sells at her shop, 40 Chiltern Street, W1. She's married to one of his four brothers, the artist Peter Logan. In the other picture, below, he's wearing an Yves St Laurent outfit which I wanted to see him in. I've always seen him in these extraordinary things and I wanted to convert him just for fun—to see Andrew inside an elegant set of clothes, calculated to alter his whole image.

"It's a little straight for me," he said. "Might be better on one of my other brothers, the one who's the submarine captain. Oh, yes, we're a varied family." He insisted first he had his hair cut off. "Wouldn't look right otherwise," but nothing could stop him pinning on at least one brooch. It's a marvelous suit, of course," he said, "but all these things must be personalised. If I ever wore a suit, I'd never pay this much, even if I could afford it. I'd prefer to get a jumble one and stick sequins around the edge or better still all over like a Peary Queen." And how does he expect his girl friends to compete with his appearance? Don't they find it daunting? "They always do as they are told," he said, sternly disarming, "just wear black and diamonds."

Giant lights, various designs, to order from Andrew Logan Studio, 106 Donham Road, N1. (Tel: 01-249 4526.)

The orch crook caught on infection started to go round the bend took a turn for the worse and ended up quite kinky.

A.F.G.L.

His sister-in-law, Diane Logan,

designed his hat. It sells at her shop, 40 Chiltern Street, W1.

She's married to one of his four brothers, the artist Peter Logan.

In the other picture, below, he's wearing an Yves St Laurent outfit which I wanted to see him in.

I've always seen him in these extraordinary things and I wanted to convert him just for fun—to see Andrew inside an elegant set of clothes, calculated to alter his whole image.

"It's a little straight for me," he said. "Might be better on one of my other brothers, the one who's the submarine captain. Oh, yes, we're a varied family."

He insisted first he had his hair cut off. "Wouldn't look right otherwise," but nothing could stop him pinning on at least one brooch.

It's a marvelous suit, of course," he said, "but all these things must be personalised. If I ever wore a suit, I'd never pay this much, even if I could afford it.

I'd prefer to get a jumble one and stick sequins around the edge or better still all over like a Peary Queen." And how does he expect his girl friends to compete with his appearance?

Don't they find it daunting? "They always do as they are told," he said, sternly disarming, "just wear black and diamonds."

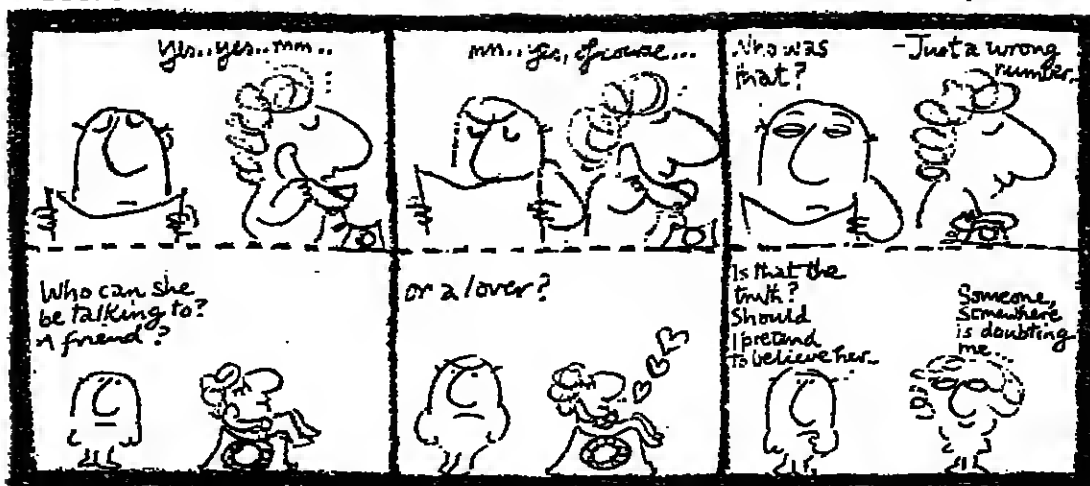
Giant lights, various designs, to order from Andrew Logan Studio, 106 Donham Road, N1. (Tel: 01-249 4526.)

The orch crook caught on infection started to go round the bend took a turn for the worse and ended up quite kinky.

A.F.G.L.

His sister-in-law, Diane Logan,

COUPLES



LOOK!

Jilly Cooper on the art of social climbing

AS THE queues mount outside the Ministry of Social Security, few people collecting their dole give a thought for the ever-increasing numbers seeking advice from the Ministry of Social Insecurity just round the corner.

For as the class structure fragments, more and more people are struggling to undertake the long-jumps—practising the subtle art of Social Climbing.

Now I have always been an avid social climber—if rather an amateur one. As I hack my way to the top with my alpenstock (not having the necessary breeding stock) I dream of gossiping with the Queen about knitting patterns, or dallying with suave expensive men at ducal house parties. What really attracts me is the thought of all that idyllic hosiery on the peaks, waiting to be snatched by a butterfly.

My social-climbing began in my teens when I was sent to France to stay with a bourgeois family who treated me with the deepest contempt. During my stay, however, my mother sent me a picture-postcard of Bradford Municipal Gates.

"Are those the gates de votre chateau?" asked Madame, with quickening interest.

"Of one of our chateaux," I lied airily, and was treated with respectful awe for the rest of my stay.

Later on in my career I made feeble attempts to climb a few more rungs of the social ladder by marrying up. I met a ravishing Harrovian social climber who, alas, in every sense was no match for me. I shall never forget the lust in his face as he gazed at me and said:

"I fancy you more than any girl I've ever met, but I can't marry you because you're not upper-class enough."

It was a few nights of passion to him, compared with a lifetime spent at the wrong end of the table?

I was later irritated to see his snug little face peering out of the Tatler on his wedding day, a horse-faced duke's daughter on his arm, the Queen at the head of a large bridesmaids. Tiara-boom-de-ay.

But how do you identify your dedicated social climber (I've just had a look in the mirror)? She usually has a terrible squint for me, I shall never forget on so many celebrities at once.

She will certainly have Cardin or Yves St Laurent labels sewn into, and preferably hanging out of, her chain-store coat. Her hide is as thick as a rhinoceros for a multi-proof body-foisting.

Her conversation sounds like a long-playing record of Debrett. Celebrities, alas, always go to her parties because they know they will meet other celebrities there.

Her husband, she claims, always has the Ear of Nixon or the Ear of Hesth, as though he kept them floating in formaldehyde on the mantelpiece beside the pile of out-of-date invitations.

She genuinely believes that the society to which she belongs is the only things that support the social edifice. If she goes to a charity ball, you will find her hard at work in one of the darker rooms developing a photograph.

Eureka, she cries every time her left nipple appears in the pages of Harpers Queen and she leaves the magazine lying around open at the relevant page for days to come.

From my social wanderings, I have observed some of the best ways to pull yourself up the ladder. Wear a deaf aid, for example, and people might mistake you for a television personality.

Learn something about horses. Mutter about girls and her spavins. Smell of Ma Nure rather than Ma Griffe, and you will gain admittance to the smartest country houses in England.

Substitute a secondhand hridle

for the nodding doggy in the back of your car, or make your daughter join the Pony Club or at least be seen in the shopping centre in a hard hat and jodhpurs.

Buy a camel hair coat and spend so much time on a shooting stick that figures of eight will be permanently etched on your bottom.

Teach your husband to murder wildlife. He will be welcomed everywhere if he's a good shot, a fisherman or a "hard man to bounds" (Poor Doggies).

Or bring your daughter out. How many plain girls have been helped from dech dance to dech dance so their mothers can get to meet a smart class of mum?

But like running for President, bringing out your daughter in style is the prerogative only of the rich and as a study of recent Presidents shows, this is not necessarily a guarantee of quality.



Stanley Devon

"At last all the girls are placed," said one relieved mother proudly. "But not in the first three," came back the malicious reply.

Many people climb rungs by joining clubs to meet "the right people," the Tennis Club, the Young Conservatives, or that Eastern of the Bourgeoisie, the Hurlingham Club. I've always adored Harold Nicolson's story of the Marquis de Chaumont, who, determined to join the most exclusive club in England, was told by his rather unkind cronies that the RAC constituted the social mecca. Whereupon he canvassed for weeks, pulled out every string in the book, and when he finally gained admittance, had cards made with his name and

The New Beaujolais Race Winner

THE WINNER of The Sunday Times Great New Beaujolais Race was a dashing bachelor with a truly remarkable taste for wine: Colin Akers, of Hoddeston, Heris. He astonished the judges at the wine-tastings we held for the 100 limerick-writing semi-finalists. He got 100 points out of 100.

He selected from four wines the two Beaujolais wines among them, he then named the wines and finally their vintages.

He's modest about his coup and says he was full of doubts. But in fact it does emerge that he is a pretty enthusiastic wine-drinker and knows his way around. He is 40, managing director of the family firm of beating and water supply engineers, and has an interesting cellar in which Beaujolais certainly figures, but less impressively than claret.

He wasn't by any means brought up on wine. He'd scarcely tasted it until, playing hockey for Oxford in Germany, he had a half-bottle of hock put before him. It was love at first taste.

Second prize at the tastings went to John Halloway, a university teacher, of 29 Selly Wick Drive, Birmingham, 29. He wins two cases of Beaujolais Nouveau. He also is a bit casual about his wine-drinking. He says that as a teacher of French he was always

Royal Automobile Club printed underneath it.

But it is strange how people hanker for titles—Harold Nicolson himself angling for his peerage; or a well-known industrialist who, on the day he learnt about his knighthood, was overheard telling a friend: "And I said to myself, Sir Robert, I said."

The army is hristling with social climbers. Behind most famous soldiers you find a very powerful dragon who has rammed her husband up the Army List as a gunner might force the charge into the breach.

And it doesn't end when soldiers retire. We knew a senior officer who announced on the Paris Council of Nations Board that he would be throwing open his grounds to the public one Saturday. His grounds consisted of a twentieth of an acre in front of the house. With commendable malice, my father-in-law telephoned the local police telling them to hurry down to control the crowds.

On the whole, I think men social-climb less than women, probably because they expend so much energy grappling up the hierarchy at work. Women, however, can pretend they are only climbing for their husband's sake, casting pearls before swine, or asking that "perfectly charming Cabinet Minister to meet Lord and Lady Bountiful," in order to "jolly Gideon on with his career."

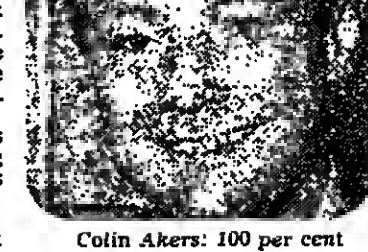
But suppose the social climber is essentially a sad person, insecure about his position in society; wanting to dispel this fear by being accepted where acceptance is most difficult, by breaking into the most exclusive club by becoming the most beautiful of the Beautiful People. Like Proust scaling the 1-in-3 gradient to the Fauhoux St Germaine in pursuit of the welcoming smiles of the noble hostesses.

But the tragedy of climbing is that you never realise you have reached the top, there is always another rung tempting you, and today's rung, that took so much sweat to achieve, will be tomorrow's rut you are girding your loins to clamber out of.

There is no doubt of the ruthlessness of society. While you are successful, they will keep you at the top. Once the success passes you will be dropped like a stone. Which is why I never walk under a social ladder in case someone might fall on top of me.

£6.95

STUNNING PANTS SUIT



Colin Akers: 100 per cent

being expected to know about wine. So he applied himself to the subject just like that.

Third prize-winner, who gets a case of the new wine: Mrs G. Cookman, 21 The Fairway, Devizes, Wilts.

Colin Akers was collecting his prize the weekend of a quarter hogshad of the new wine (75 bottles). But Hatch, Mansfield, the wine merchants sponsoring our competition, wouldn't let him wait for the 1971 vintage to arrive here: they took him over to Beaujolais on Friday so that he would be there to taste the very first bottle opened.

Mr Akers took his friend Tricia Callaghan, daughter of his Hertfordshire neighbours, over with him. After a series of events with the merry gentlemen who actually produce the wine, they were due at midnight last night in the cellars of Nicolas at La Chappelle de Guichay to sup this morning's first samples of the 1971 Beaujolais Nouveau.

In France, the opening of the Beaujolais Nouveau season is a tricky legal issue. The wine can be sold as Beaujolais Nouveau after a moment decreed by the Government.

Just after midnight this morning it was OK for Colin Akers to be drinking the new wine as a sample.

By a bit of skilful organising Hatch, Mansfield were arranging to bring back in their private plane, with Colin Akers, a load of the new wine.

It should be available at Bill Bentley's restaurant in Beauchamp Place, London, SW3, tonight after nine o'clock. He is planning to be open specially for the wine and will be selling it delicately observing the letter of French law, "as a wine that at midnight will become a vrai Beaujolais Nouveau."

The Beaujolais Nouveau lasts until mid-February when it becomes vin de France. It is available from Hatch, Mansfield, 64/65 Cowcross St., London, EC1, for £10.20 for a case of 12 bottles.

Light lacing locks Lomond

Lomond could almost be an austere shoe. But its fine styling is accentuated by handsewn herringbone stitching. Livened by neat 2-tie lacing. Upholstered by a 2" high stacked leather heel. And it costs around £7.95. Leather soles. C fitting. In soft teak or black calf.

Barker for women



Barker Shoes Limited, Earls Barton, Northampton

'Problem' perspiration solved

even for thousands who perspire heavily

A chemical invention by Mitchum has made a truly effective anti-perspirant possible at last.

Now, men and women by the thousands are finding the protection they need, protection they didn't think possible with Mitchum Anti-Perspirant.

Mitchum gives you bone-dry comfort, yet it's mild to skin and harmless to clothing. And of course, you don't need a deodorant.

Once you've tried it we know you'll come back for more. Available in liquid, cream or the New Spray form.

Obtainable from stores & chemists everywhere.

Mitchum
Anti-Perspirant
Liquid or Cream £2.18
New Spray £2.35



Mitchum Distributors, Sunline House, Croydon, CR9 2DB. Tel: 01-886 7345

Put the Happy into Christmas

Buy the December issue of Good Housekeeping and get the help you need with those extra Christmas chores—the planning—the presents—the cooking—the budgeting—Then settle back with the rest of Good

Housekeeping and read about the Paul Newman-Joanne Woodward marriage; the problems and pleasures of adopting a coloured baby; the Royal Family in action and lots more. Happy Christmas

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING OUT NOW 20p



THE SUNDAY TIMES
Annual Subscription Rates (including Colour Magazine)
By Surface Mail (Abroad) £12.22
All inquiries for Subscription Department
Thomson House, 200 Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1
01-837 1234 (extension 7101)

